Saturday Review of Literature

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Clyde Kluckhohn, author of "Mirror for Man." (See page 11)

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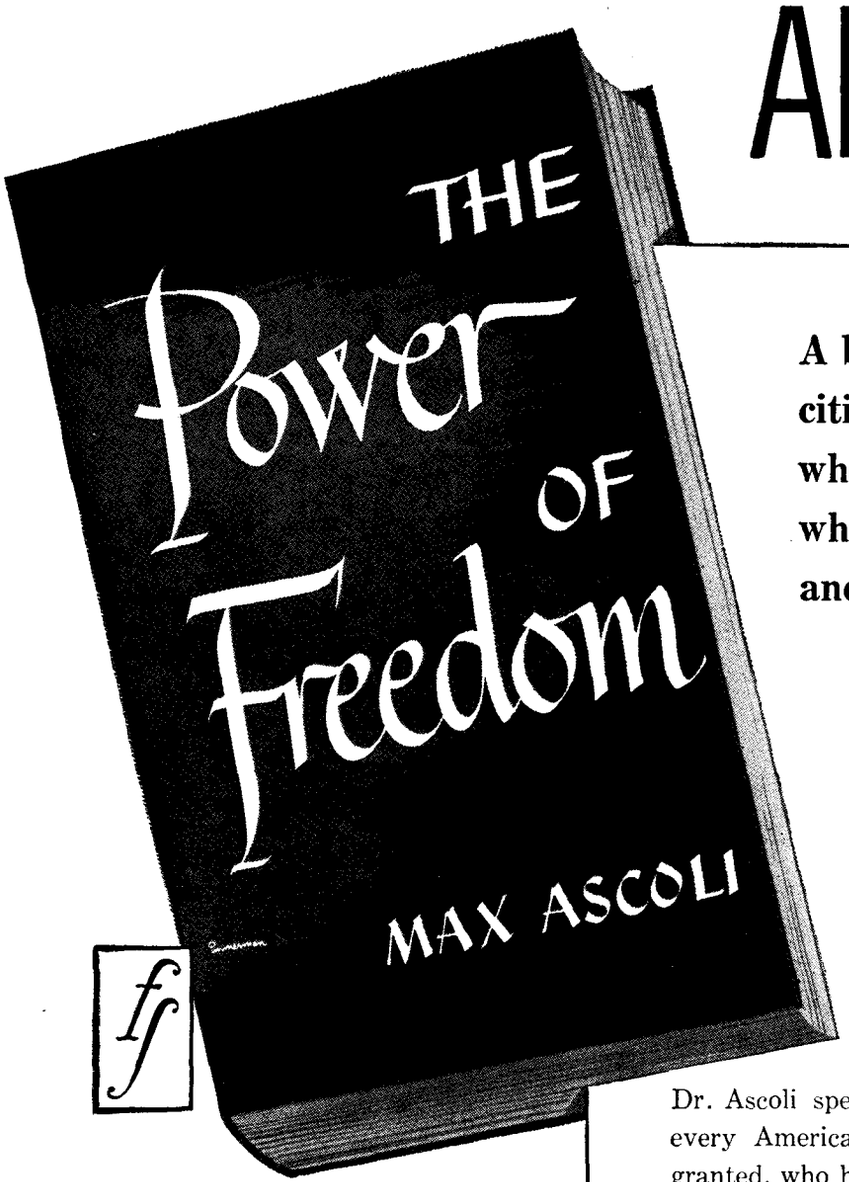

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TRADE Winds

BECAUSE I NEVER have gotten over my childhood love of riding on good trains, and because talking in eight cities in the space of seven days gives me the illusion of being a seasoned "trouper," I have come to look forward with keen delight to the week Colston Leigh books for me in midwinter every year. This time I hopped from Pittsburgh to Springfield, to Grand Rapids, to Chicago, to Minneapolis, to Eau Claire, to East Lansing, to Detroit—and was back in my office before the half Hershey bar I had left on my desk had turned stale.

I can never understand why the trains west of the Alleghenies are so much better than the ones that feed the New York area. For the most part, the equipment in Eastern states grows creakier and mustier, and even the new cars gradually being inducted into service lack the color and imagination lavished on trains farther west. The Pere Marquette, for instance, has recently added to its service an all-coach streamliner that plies between Chicago and Grand Rapids and that is in many respects the most exciting train I ever have seen. You push a button on the doors of the cars, and they slide open noiselessly. On the diner the doors are equipped with "electric eyes" and open magically as you approach. The diner itself is spacious, comfortable, and beautiful, and is staffed with good-looking waitresses in crisp, becoming frocks. Each car features a painting by a well-known regional artist, adjustable seats, fresh flowers and plants, adequate storage space for bulky luggage, and a small smoking lounge with comfortable, unattached leather chairs.

I suppose this train is the dream child of Robert Young, that thorn in the side of old fogies who have been running 1949 railroads with 1899 ideas. More power to him! I wish he could persuade the New York Central to introduce similar equipment. Its ludicrously over-publicized new Twentieth Century Limited, for instance, differs only from previous models in that the club cars are all chopped up into inconvenient segments, and the seats in the diners are arranged along the sides, ingeniously blocking out the wonderful views of the Hudson River to half of the passengers. The sleeping accommodations are perfect—but they always were on this extra-fare train. Suggestion: shift the present Century over to the Adirondack division, now using Pullmans that ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution, and let the people who designed the Pere Marquette train have a crack at a new train that would really give competing airline officials something to worry about!...

OF COURSE, the railroad that cries out for a little of the Robert Young treatment is the battered and bruised old Long Island, which manhandles over 300,000 commuters every working day. Clarence Woodbury, investigating causes for the endless series of delays on this line, discovered, besides ordinary mechanical breakdowns, inadequate provision against storms, and habitual overcrowding, that on some days conductors find themselves on the wrong trains, and on others engineers find themselves on the wrong tracks. One steam train halted between stations for an hour while the crew hunted for the fireman's shovel, blown out of his hands by the wind. Another wheezed to a stop because someone had forgotten to put coal in the tender. A well-known lawyer for the road—one who has been agitating for higher fares—was standing in the aisle of a crowded Long Island train when a valise tumbled from a rack and conked him on the bean. Passengers cheered wildly for the first time in years. Woodbury reports, however, that improvements are on the way, now that a new general manager has been appointed for the road. His name is David E. Smucker, and Woodbury predicts he'll be one Smucker who gives a commuter an even break. . . .

TO GET ON WITH the details of my own journey, I spent the first day visiting my friends in the book trade in Pittsburgh, lunching with Oliver Kaufman, Bill McGhee, and Frank Freedman in the Kaufman sky-top restaurant. McGhee, one of the best-loved men in the entire industry, will celebrate his fortieth anniversary of service with Kaufman's next season, and his friends are planning a celebration that is fitting. It had better be! . . . The city was shrouded in a thick, London-like fog the entire time I was there. "Doesn't this kind of weather get you down?" I queried. "Are you talking about today?" asked Freedman with astonishment. "Why, this is the best day we've had in two months!" . . . In the afternoon I met Dr. Freehof, whose every lecture on current books attracts 2,000 listeners, and who once taught the late Joshua Loth Liebman, author of "Peace of Mind." Dr. Freehof's own writings are aimed at a smaller and more scholarly audience. . . . Back at the William Penn Hotel I found a note in my box which read:

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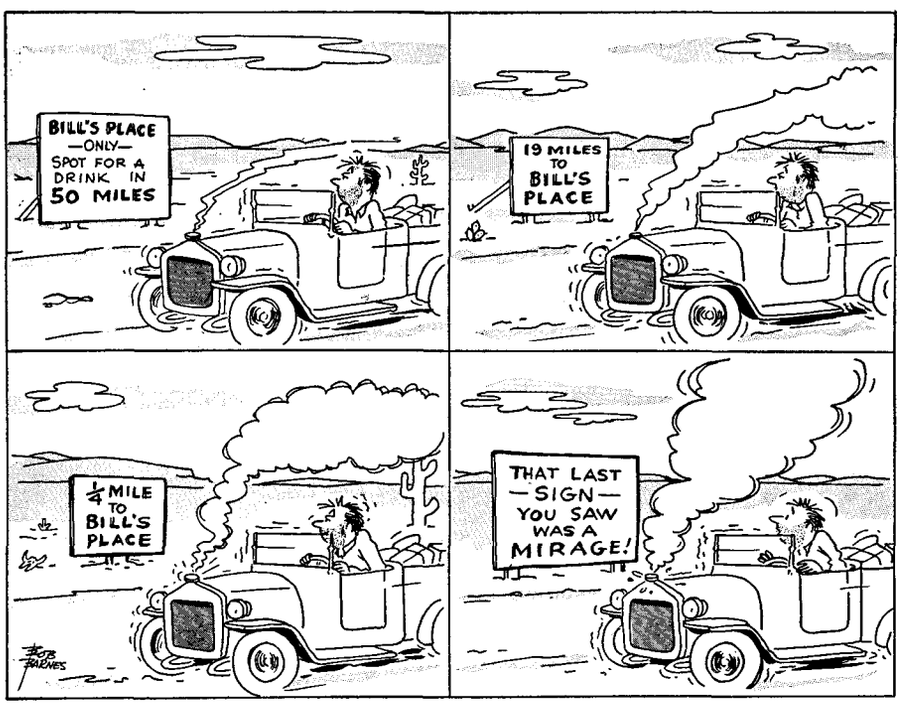
Larry thereupon joined Mr. and Mrs. Joe Estabrook and myself for a jolly and harmonical repast, after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which we repaired to the Andrew Mellon Jr. High School, where I addressed the Mt. Lebanon Society. Joe Estabrook broke even on the evening. He gave up one ticket at the door, but found another—for illegal parking—tucked under his windshield-wiper when he came out. . . .

I TRAVELED from Pittsburgh to Springfield, Ohio, via B. & O. and the New York Central, with just time enough at Columbus to phone Mrs. Teeter, at the Lazarus store, and say "hello." She is one of the crack booksellers of the country. . . . Springfield is the home of the giant Crowell-Collier plant, and the birthplace of Bobby Clark, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, and the late Warder Norton. It is also the home of countless relatives of Van Cartmell. My chief claim to fame in Springfield is that I occasionally collaborated with Van in the compilation of play anthologies. His cousin, Alice Bahman, asked me, over Station WIZE, "What do you think of Van's ability at bridge?" How they ever let us stay on the air after I answered truthfully is a miracle to me. . . . The Crowell-Collier Company had its beginnings in a modest farm journal, published in Springfield in 1877. It was called *Farm and Fireside* and remained a mainstay of the company until 1930, when it became *Country Home* (which was in turn discontinued in 1939). *Woman's Home Companion* was introduced in 1885, *The American Magazine* was purchased in 1911 (until 1905 it had been known as *Leslie's*), and *Collier's Weekly* and the Collier book business were added in 1919. Today Crowell-Collier turns out a million magazines every working day! . . . One of the company's rising young executives, Sherwood Moran, took me for a glimpse of the plant. Another Springfield-marshal who is going places is Maynard Kniskern, editor of the *Sun.* . . .

IN GRAND RAPIDS, I saw the Frank Allens, who run an excellently stocked shop on Fountain Street; Mrs. Helms at Zimmer's; Mr. De Kruif at Herpolsheimer's, and Irving Quimby, of Raymer's. Quimby, like myself, has long adored Mildred Smith, of *Publishers' Weekly.* I also was delighted to run into Mrs. Charles Campbell, who was "Tuts" Scherdler when I saw her last, some thirty years ago, and the belle of Barnard College. "Tuts" used to get rid of ardent suitors at basketball games and proms by assuring them she could be found later dancing at the Ritz. She did indeed end up at the Ritz—but it was a cozy little spot called the Ritz in Brooklyn. When she eloped with

Campbell, she used the fraternity ring of Howard Reinheimer, the distinguished theatrical attorney. If he wants to redeem it, her address in Grand Rapids is 21 North Prospect. . . .

IN CHICAGO, I spoke at the Sinai Temple, did a radio spot with Hugh Douglas, and spent a fine evening at the home of Bookseller Max Siegel. After a memorable dinner, Mort Herold played the accordian, Mary Jane Ward and her husband, Ed Quayle, rendered a few touching ballads, and a distinguished doctor told me about the man who read the Kinsey report and said to a friend, "I had no idea this sex business was so big. Do you think it will keep up?" The friend replied, "How can it miss with such a central location?" . . . Other notables at Siegel's included Clara Spiegel and Chicago's favorite radio commentator, Paul Gibson, who has a rare eye for a well-turned phrase—and ankle. . . .

I HAD BREAKFAST the next morning in Minneapolis with Orpah Anderson (a dream girl), Harold Kittleson, and John Sherman of the *Journal,* lunched with sixteen charming ladies, addressed 1,500 more at the Woman's Club, and then had to ride a hundred miles through the snow to talk again at Eau Claire that evening. The limousine that transported me was long, sleek, and black. I fell asleep as we were threading tortuously through St. Paul traffic. When I awoke, I apologized to the driver, "I guess I'm not a very lively companion." "Livelier than the one I had yesterday," he assured me. "And who was that?" I asked. "A body," he answered. . . . In Eau Claire, Francis Wilcox told me they are still brooding over the visit of Quent Reynolds in 1943. A great crowd assembled to hear him tell about his adventures during the blitz in London. His address was eloquent enough—but was devoted in its entirety to an evaluation of James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold." . . .

FROM EAU CLAIRE, I journeyed to Michigan State College in East Lansing, and then wound up my trip in Detroit, where I met Malcolm Bingay and rejoiced over the adventures of my fellow lecturer, Emily Kimbrough. Of that, more next week.

—BENNETT CERF.

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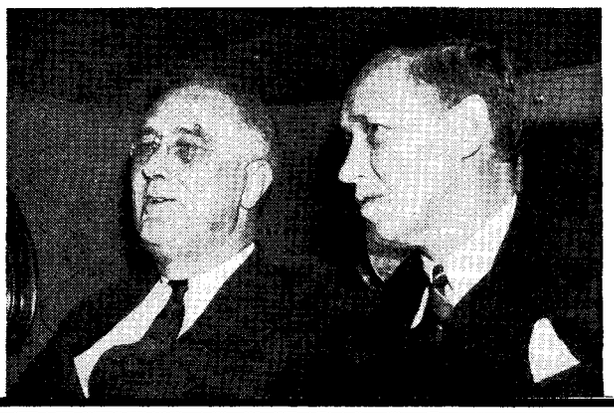

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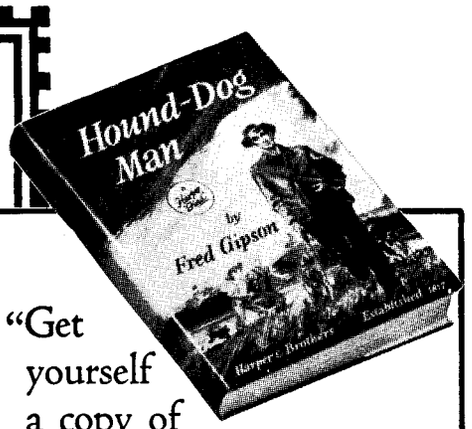

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Hostile Necessity

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Maxwell Geismar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For its series of articles on writing as a craft,* SRL *has asked Maxwell Geismar, one of the leading younger American literary critics, for a personal statement of his aims and methods of work. Mr. Geismar is the author of "The Last of the Provincials" and "Writers in Crisis," the first two volumes in a series that will deal with the noted American novelists from* 1860 *to* 1940. *He contributed the chapter on contemporary fiction in "The Literary History of the United States," recently published by Macmillan.*

LITERARY criticism is not a path to fame or fortune in the United States today. The practice of it involves something else — an interest in the field itself, a sense of necessity, or a personal commitment.

"Listen, my friend," Willa Cather once wrote, "No man can give himself heart and soul to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, a secret hope for something very different." But unfortunately that last sacrifice, that giving of oneself altogether and finally which Miss Cather described as the condition of any serious enterprise, implies a certain restriction of personal freedom. More recently, in the American edition of André Gide's "Journals," there is an admirable account of an artist's struggle for discipline: the curiosity, the patience, the final passion which, as Henry James suggested, are implicit in the role of the critic when it is seriously undertaken. Oh, yes, very true, a solace, and a source of guidance—but what about the shock to the nervous system, the wear and tear on the physical organs which are also involved in the solitary struggle for perfection? Could one really issue a confidential memorandum on the price of immortality, or describe that odious routine of wounds and shrugs, of blows to one's vanity and one's pocketbook alike, which is the ordinary milieu of an appointment with destiny? The literary critic, like any other scholar or artist, attempts to preserve the past and to illuminate the future in a specific area of activity. But the present is usually devoted to maintaining a mere semblance of health or sanity in his own life and work.

Moreover, the somewhat superstitious reverence with which some people still regard this profession is largely dissipated when they learn that a literary critic is neither a museum piece nor a journalist. The typical figures in the European tradition, such as a Taine or Sainte-Beuve, were active cultural influences. Before the great fortunes were established in our own society, the American scholar was still considered as deserving, if not honor, at least a room and board; and even in the opening decades of this century, the literary critic spoke as a reputable member of the community. In our own time, the literary renascence of the 1920's was accompanied by a vigorous group of esthetic historians and theoreticians. Such figures as Randolph Bourne, Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, Carl Van Doren, and Lewis Mumford, to mention only a few names, were active forces in the development of a new body of literature that, whatever its defects, as H. L. Mencken said, would at least be "a faithful reflection of the national life." Yet among the surviving members of this group, there are only two or three, particularly Edmund Wilson in the field of literary criticism proper and Van Wyck Brooks in the field of literary history, who have consistently followed their earlier interests. The others, talented and versatile as they were, turned their energies into other areas—biography, political or cultural history, scholarly research, or journalism—so that it almost seemed that literary criticism in the United States was a springboard rather than a great tradition. Meanwhile the advocates of "pure" literary criticism, that is to say, the semanticists, the analysts of technique, the practitioners of a rigorous but self-contained type of textual analysis, have come into power. The interest in promoting a fresh and vital body of native literature has been converted into a meticulous study of the classics.

HOWEVER, I feel a note of self-righteousness in these general remarks about the state of literary criticism today, and perhaps an undertone of dismay and deception. The editors of *SRL* have asked for a statement of my work habits and I don't see why I should make a fool of myself in public. What I propose to describe instead—since the essential thing about work habits is to have

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them—is something that might be called methods of work, with the idea that one device or another may be of interest to readers or other writers.

The most difficult phase of my own work is actually reading the books of the authors whom I write about, and I know that other members of my profession have the same trouble. Is there something about the climate of a competitive society that makes reading—during the daytime when ordinary people go to work—seem absolutely immoral, or worse yet, a waste of time? Perhaps that is one reason I make so many notes, in the hope that working with my hands will compensate for working with my mind. In the case of Theodore Dreiser, who is my present subject, there are at least 300 pages of notes, while the final essay should run from eighty to 100 pages. These extra pages of notes are just so much extra bother; they represent examples of the novelist's work that can't be used, or repetitions of things that have been said before, or divergent themes in his books, or paradoxes and contradictions in his thinking. They are variations from the normal range of his writing.

But what is the norm? There is some value in taking notes, compulsive as their compilation may be, and painful as their exorcism is in the final draft. By their sheer weight and volume, as it were, and by the constant repetition of an author's favorite themes, phrases, personal predilections and points of view, as well as certain instinctive gestures and attitudes that occur throughout a writer's work, they establish his central values, his temperamental responses, his technical equipment; the subject matter and the tone, in short, of his books. All that is left—provided that one has really read the works of an author completely and honestly and "innocently" enough, and has not merely paraphrased one's own convictions or the opinions of others—is to write the essay.

IN MY own case I have often noticed a curious moment of optimism and despair at this point. Everything is there for the essay, and it is always better than when it is expressed, simply because it is everything, and what one expresses is only *something*. One could often express the exact opposite with almost if not quite as much validity. It is the question of degree, of emphasis that is essential to catch in the work of any novelist; it is those very paradoxes, contradictions, and divergencies that make his work interesting; it is the extra pages of notes, the notes that one cannot use, that flutter around in the corners of my mind as I write. Write? Well, as I draw up an outline, just as they teach you in English 1, and set out, A, B, C, D, the themes and subordinate themes I intend to express, although any resemblance to the final essay may be purely coincidental.

For certain themes or central ideas "prove themselves" in the writing of the essay while others don't. It may be that the idea is accurate enough but that the illustrations of it in the author's books are not convincing. Or that both the idea and the elaboration are right but not *as* right as an alternative idea; there is the question of emphasis again. Or it may be simply that the idea is wrong, after all. And after one has spent a week or longer in the attempt to clarify and develop it, with sharper and sharper phrases and an increasing sense of uneasiness and irritation, with the increasing conviction from somewhere in the middle area of digestive system that the idea is wrong, one simply says to hell with it. Meanwhile, certain ideas or insights that have not appeared to advantage in the preliminary notes, begin to intrude themselves with more and more authority in the actual writing; they insist they belong there, that they be represented somehow, and then, with the same sinking feeling in the middle area, one goes back to the beginning of the essay to see if it can be changed. Those familiar romantic authors who used to insist that their novels really wrote themselves had a point, but they never explained what a disagreeable point it was; the cause of ulcers as well as art. I would frankly prefer to be a man who knew what he was writing about.

How I envy, too, those literary critics who can say just what they mean, *immediately, and even verbally*; who can render a considered judgment on any literary problem within the purlieus of parlor conversation, authoritatively and with a touch of hauteur as to the rather simple-minded and grubby American novelists with whom I happen to be dealing. After all, if one has been dealing with Kafka or Flaubert's technique . . . poor Sherwood Anderson, poor, poor Dreiser. I see them at their desks, these firm, decisive literary men of action, enunciating their polished phrases while they fold their gloves. And I think of the pages of verbal hysteria that comprise what I call a first draft of an essay.

There may be sense in not putting down a thought in final form, however, until you know that you really have a thought. It is hard to throw away a good phrase even when it is not quite accurate, and I have noticed that the best literary journalists or book reviewers allow their thinking to follow their writing. H. L. Mencken is perhaps the classic example of a man's style being the man; and this is still one secret of becoming a high-priced columnist or a literary editor. There is a point also, during the immediate process of writing, in letting the mind bring up everything it can in the way of implications and associations, even though these come in the form of half-thoughts, verbal flashes, incomplete or distorted images. Let it all come, as it comes, get it all out, and then go back and see what is there, and select—and select.

All the same, it is difficult for me even now to look at those first drafts, which I keep, I suppose, out of some obscure tendency of masochism. A year or so ago a friend of mine in the South asked for one of these

(*Continued on page* 38)

She Dies

(To my mother, Maude Thomas Dunne—1940)

By Evelyn Scott

STUNNED looks of patience have recast this face:
The brow is stern, serene, augustly high,
Remolding, from exhausted commonplace,
The setting for the visionary eye
That dimly and aloofly scans this race
It loves no more (these lips forbear to lie!).
These fever-breathing nostrils scent the grace,
The air, the cold nobility of sky.

The travail of the years still mounts until
This bitter mouth is hers who drinks her fill,
At last; and drains a goblet of pure snow:
The glance acknowledging the end too slow,
Unfathomable, like the moon's clear stare,
Making her pillow terrible and fair.

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Man and His World.

When anthropology first appeared as a field of scientific inquiry, it contented itself with attempting to recover the story of man's origins and vicissitudes in the prehistoric era. The work of George Catlin, whose paintings of American Indians are celebrated in Loyd Haberley's "Pursuit of the Horizon," was a contribution to anthropology in this sense. But recently, as our reviewer of Clyde Kluckhohn's "Mirror for Man" suggests, anthropologists have undertaken a far more ambitious task: to synthesize the social sciences, including geography, economics, sociology, history, and even psychology. Social scientists in neighboring fields may question the anthropologist's right to stake out such a large preserve for himself, but they will hardly deny the desirability of his objective. . . . F. C. Lane's "Rivers of the World" evaluates one of geography's influences on civilization.

Seeing Others as They See Themselves

MIRROR FOR MAN: The Relation of Anthropology to Modern Life. By Clyde Kluckhohn. New York: Whittlesey House. 1949. 313 *pp.* $3.75.

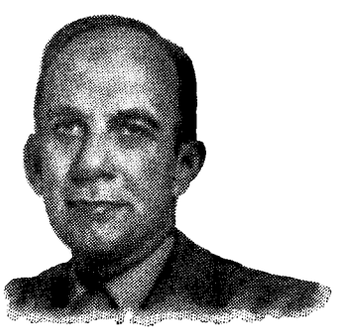
Reviewed by HARRY L. SHAPIRO

NOT so very long ago one might have paraphrased a malicious English comment on American literature by asking: "Who ever reads a book by an anthropologist?" Nowadays, on the contrary, one has difficulty avoiding books by Americans and by anthropologists. We can account for this vogue of anthropological writing not because scientists generally are now taking more seriously their obligations to lay before the public the results of their investigations, but because anthropologists have something real and vital to say about the world we live in.

In "Mirror for Man," Clyde Kluckhohn, professor of anthropology at Harvard University, has a great deal to say from an anthropological point of view about some of the very central problems of the modern world, and he says them with an urgency that is likely to stimulate a reaction. His passionate conviction that anthropology offers a method for understanding and dealing with cultural and personal adjustments which are frequently basic to international relations enkindles his book and lights up a vista of hope. "Of course, no branch of knowledge constitutes a cure-all for the ills of mankind," he readily admits, but "anthropology provides a scientific basis for dealing with the crucial dilemma of the world today: how can peoples of different appearance, mutually unintelligible languages, and dissimilar ways of life get along peaceably together?"

Kluckhohn has devoted rather more than half of his book to an exposition of what anthropology is in its present manifestation—a somewhat different science than its beginnings might have foreshadowed. Out of the oddities of mankind and the leftovers from other sciences, it has evolved, perhaps more by chance than design, a peculiarly effective method of studying mankind and has come to occupy a synthesizing position among the social sciences. Although Kluckhohn makes due and proper reference to the various branches of anthropology for their contributions to the science as a whole, he places principal emphasis on the cultural aspects, as is right by the design of his book. For the great and exciting concept which anthropology has contributed to modern thought is the notion that culture as a patterned way of life is so inextricably bound up with our automatic social responses that in the past we have failed to recognize its existence, or where we have, we have accepted it simply as part of "human nature." This inability to see ourselves as creatures conditioned by a particular set of circumstances with its own logic blinded us to the logic of other cultures. Just as Copernicus freed us from earth-centrism by giving us a vastly grander universe, anthropology has deepened our understanding of man by removing the veil of ethnocentrism that prevented our seeing the very diverse ways by which culture molds everyone.

Until recently anthropologists had culture firmly by the tail but didn't know quite what to do with it. And it is paradoxical that psychoanalysis, which when first applied to anthropological data received a decidedly cold reception, has become the means of giving direction to current investigations. In fact, in the field of personality and culture, the insights of psychiatry and psychoanalysis are



THE AUTHOR: "We think," says Harvard anthropology Professor Clyde Kluckhohn, "that we have the beginnings of a science whose principles are applicable to any human situation, whether it be international tensions [vide the UNESCO Paris conference to which Washington just sent him] or something on a smaller scale like the Navahos, whom he knows well through many years' work with the U. S. Indian Service. "But there is a kind of expertness which does not consist in detailed knowledge of a particular area." E.g., when he was OSS consultant and Far East Policy Division Chief for OWI he hadn't been to Japan. Since then he has. Nor does not having visited USSR hamper his direction of the new Russian Research Center at Cambridge. He has combed Mexico, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, and England. (He was Rhodes scholar in 1928.) At Oxford he felt completely at home, having been reared in a small Iowa town—Le Mars—former site of dignified exile for erring British blades. As a child he played cricket and joined in prayers for the King at the local Church of England. Ill at Princeton, he went to live with an ethnology-minded kinsman in New Mexico, which he explored on exhaustive packhorse trips, described in "To the Foot of the Rainbow" and "Beyond the Rainbow." He knows some Russian and Japanese, considerably more Latin and Greek, but admits he still makes mistakes in Navaho ("It's incredibly difficult"). He has his own New Mexico ranch now, where he vacations with his family. In 1945, with leave from Harvard and a Guggenheim Fellowship, he entered the Whittlesey House-*Science Illustrated* contest, and won with "Mirror for Man." He has written on all branches of anthropology, including last year's collaboration, "Personality in Nature, Society, and Culture." With five books out in the last five years—"God help me!"—, he doesn't plan any more for *quite* a while. —R. G.

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now used with a freedom that gives more cautious anthropologists more than a qualm. This union, which sometimes seems to lead anthropology into the dangerous paths of easy generalization by the use of analogy, is surveyed by Kluckhohn in admirable fashion.

The application of anthropology, however, embraces more than the conditioning of the individual, basic as that is. Kluckhohn cites examples of anthropology applied to the practical problems of warfare, industry, and native affairs. His final chapters are devoted to another form of application. As an anthropologist he looks at the United States and at the world, bringing the concept of culture to both as a means of understanding the mainsprings of our own behavior and those of the other people of the earth with whom we must live. His thumbnail sketch of the cultural patterns of the United States is full of insights and acute observations. But it is here, I think, that one is most likely to question the adequacy of our data for the sweeping generalizations that his limited space perhaps imposes upon him. To this reader various exceptions occurred as he read. For example, in describing the American attitude toward success, he says, "Conversely, failure is a confession of weakness, and status distinctions and even class lines are rationalized on such grounds as 'he got there by hard work,' 'it's his own fault that he didn't get on.'" If current clichés are evidence, then why not "you can't get anywhere without the breaks," which indicates a quite different rationale?

One detects also in the author's phrases in describing the culture of the United States what is perhaps a bit of unconscious national conditioning. The urge to debunk is very well developed in our writing and is perhaps carried farther here than in any other literature. One wonders if it is this national tendency that accounts for the phrase "a cult of bodily cleanliness" when the author lists some of our traits, implying by the use of the word "cult" a kind of abnormality.

But these are minor reservations that should not detract from the major premise of "Mirror for Man." This is eloquently set forth in the final purview of the world of today with its cultural conflicts and threats of war. Despite these obstacles Mr. Kluckhohn envisages the possibility of a cultural tolerance that both permits diversity and encourages cooperation.

Harry L. Shapiro is chairman of the department of anthropology and curator at the American Museum of Natural History.

Liquid History

EARTH'S GRANDEST RIVERS. By Ferdinand C. Lane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 305 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

F. C. LANE, who wrote a fascinating and widely popular book about the oceans and followed it by one about lakes, now offers a third about the river systems of the globe. One wonders if Mr. Lane realized quite what he was getting into. He is a geographer, at home with the whole physical system of our planet and particularly at home in the cold, non-human depths of oceanography. But rivers are a great deal more than geography. They are, as the brilliant series on American rivers has been demonstrating over again during the past few years, liquid history. And they are more than that. They are characters.

It was not for nothing that the Greeks, who assigned Poseidon as ruler indifferently of all the seas they knew, had a separate god for each of their rivers. Every river, even those freest of human associations, is an individual; rivers differ from one another hardly less than people do. About the things rivers have in common, about what one might call their general physiology, how they are born, how they carve their banks and

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

POETS ALL

Fulton Oursler, the noted author and editor, offers a list of poets and their private lives as he learned about them from anthologies by Louis Untermeyer. Allowing five points for each one you can identify, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. What most liberal of poets began by publishing a tract on temperance?
2. Who once composed a sonnet during a change of traffic lights?
3. Who dug up his lady love's coffin, a year after the funeral, to reclaim manuscript poems he had buried with her?
4. Who is not only an exquisite lyric poet but also a breeder and a judge of bull terriers?
5. What New Englander, at seventy-seven, loved to swim naked in a public pond?
6. What first-rate English poet had a grandfather who was born in Newark, New Jersey?
7. Who threw his cook out of the kitchen window, then screamed: "My God, I forgot about the violets!"?
8. What poet, the first English woman to earn her living as an author, was also a military spy?
9. What poet invented the game of cribbage?
10. What merry poet-priest was the model for the character of Friar Tuck in Robin Hood?
11. What lyric poet, imprisoned for having loved Anne Boleyn, was an ambassador to Italy?
12. What two famous poets shared the same rooms and the same mistress?
13. Who lectured for the Anti-Saloon League and perished by his own hand in the house where he was born?
14. Who was that great woman who wrote letters constantly but refused all her life to address an envelope?
15. What famous poet, knight, and officer, dying on the battlefield, gave his almost empty water bottle to a wounded private?
16. Who entered Oxford at twelve and became a member of the Middle Temple at fifteen?
17. Whose lines are quoted on a memorial gate of the famous American academy from which he was expelled?
18. Who wrote his most famous song by minutely scratching with a key upon the wainscot of his room?
19. Whose grandfather, though a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, was tried for murder and narrowly escaped the gallows?
20. Whose brother was an alchemist and expert in magic?

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channels, how they breathe and feed and die, Mr. Lane is very good. And he is good, too, about the role of rivers in the general circulatory system of the planet; his panorama of the major watersheds of the continents and their relation to the tracks of the moisture-laden winds which redistribute the ocean waters in the eternal cycle is a clear and brilliant lesson in geography. But, in addition, he tries to characterize as individuals thirty-eight of the greatest rivers of the world and to fix their place not only in physical geography but in human ecology and in the history of the past 6,000 years. That is a good deal like trying in one moderate sized volume to write interesting biographies of thirty-eight of the world's greatest men. Like it, but harder.

Think of the life-span of a river, and of the number of human lives each river touches and affects. The Nile, in this scheme gets nine pages; 900 would not suffice. The Rhine gets four; the Ganges five. The Thames and the Tiber, the Seine, the Elbe, and the Hudson inevitably get left out. And, inevitably, on such a scale, any writer is obliged to rely on encyclopedias and textbooks, trusting his reader's associations to give life and color to his bare outline, and helplessly repeating other people's mistakes. To produce under the handicap of so unmanageable a plan a book on the whole as coherent and briskly informative as this one, with so much of current interest and so few pages altogether stale and flat, is no small triumph of literary skill.

Garrett Mattingly is professor of history at Columbia University.

Indian Painter and Prevaricator

PURSUIT OF THE HORIZON. By Loyd Haberly. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 239 pp. $5.

Reviewed by JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

IF WE credit romantic legend, the pioneers who plunged through the wilderness and associated with Indians were clear-eyed, calm, and brave adventurers seeking physical danger out of an excess of internal strength. Actually, many were neurotic misfits, whose maladjustments made them flee civilization to the emptiness of forests and to a primitive society where—perhaps because its imperatives were not their imperatives—they felt more at ease. George Catlin, the subject of "Pursuit of the Horizon," is drawn by Mr. Haberly according to the conventional heroic pattern, but from behind the author's lyrical descriptions there peer disturbingly the tortured features of another kind of man.

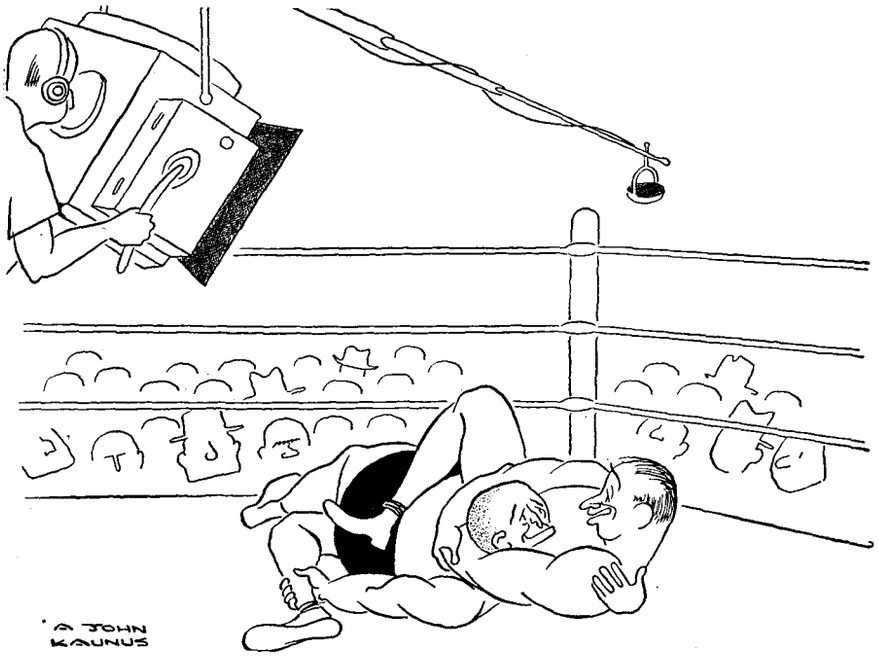
A largely self-taught painter of portraits and landscapes, Catlin devoted his life to "rescuing from oblivion the looks and customs of the vanishing races of native men in America." During the 1830's, he traveled extensively over and beyond the frontier, sketching Indians in their habitats, collecting objects illustrative of their customs, and recording their legends. His "Indian Gallery," made up of over 500 paintings as well as numerous artifacts, was shown for an admission fee in major American cities and then in London. As the appeal of his factual documents began to pall on English sightseers, Catlin abandoned himself to the most blatant showmanship, gradually vitiating his scientific reputation. The numerous books he published plead dramatically the cause of the persecuted tribes, but mix increasingly sensational fancy with anthropological fact. Finally, Catlin went bankrupt and lost his collection. As an elderly man, he explored the jungles of South America in a vain attempt to restore his fortunes and reputation.

Catlin's Indian portraits exemplify the sober realism of the American primitive tradition, but Mr. Haberly's prose portrait of him falls into an opposite mode. The face of the protagonist is smoothed out into a conventional flattering image, while the emphasis is placed on background delineated with great virtuosity. The author writes well, and on occasion makes us see vividly the Western plains over which gallop a wild chivalry, the half-naked equivalents of King Arthur's knights. The result is an epic of sorts that makes agreeable and sometimes exciting reading, but all the profound meaning of Catlin's career has been slighted.

Drawing everything in heroic proportions, Mr. Haberly greatly overestimates Catlin both as an artist and an anthropologist. He admits that in recounting his adventures Catlin often changed fact into a tall tale, but he regards this as a mere peccadillo, something that makes a scientist more lovable. To charges made by other students of Indian customs that Catlin was an out-and-out liar, Mr. Haberly replies by impugning the critics' motives. It does not seem to have occurred to him to try to determine from facts who was right.

The author, who makes up conversations and whose statement of sources is less than minimal, clearly visualized his book more as a literary exercise than history or biography. He thought it unnecessary to append an index, that indispensable adjunct to any factual book. The result is a lively and charming essay, containing descriptive passages of considerable eloquence. Yet Mr. Haberly has muffed the opportunity to produce an important book about an important but equivocal figure. Had he dredged beneath the obviously picturesque surface of his material, he could have found a story less conventional and more full of meaning.

James Thomas Flexner is the author of two books about early American artists, "First Flowers of the Wilderness" and "John Singleton Copley."



"Red washes out. A dark brown lipstick registers perfect."

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Belles-Lettres.

Literary works of uncommon merit are apt to be subjected to three types of critical analysis. First and usually within a fortnight of publication come the reviews of the journalist, the man who must write with one eye on the clock. Despite the handicaps under which he labors, some of his work is remarkably fine—as is shown in "Other Men's Minds," the collected criticism of Jay Lewis, reviewed below. Next comes the literary critic, blessed with time for more leisurely reflection and an opportunity to re-evaluate men of preceding generations for members of his own. Alan Swallow's new "English Novelist Series" offers an example of this type of criticism. Finally, perhaps centuries later, comes the footnote scholar, of whom Christopher Morley has something to say in reviewing Dr. Bowden's new work on Chaucer.

Idealist in Conflict with Society

THEODORE DREISER: APOSTLE OF NATURE. By Robert H. Elias. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 354 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

THE mark of Theodore Dreiser's career is distinct enough to have been generally recognized from the impact of its hammering. Obviously there would be books about it. Not so obviously would there be a good book, involving both his life and his writing, within a period of time so soon after his death in 1945. One recalls—and it takes no great feat of memory—Dreiser's turbulent course, from the storms which engulfed him at the time of "Sister Carrie" to those tempests which he himself stirred up in the days immediately preceding the most recent war. It was a troubled and confused age in which Dreiser lived, and he shared in its predicaments at every turn. Too many of the issues are still alive, and too many of the people involved might still seemed privileged to enjoy some sort of privacy, for ordinarily unencumbered research and uninhibited expression.

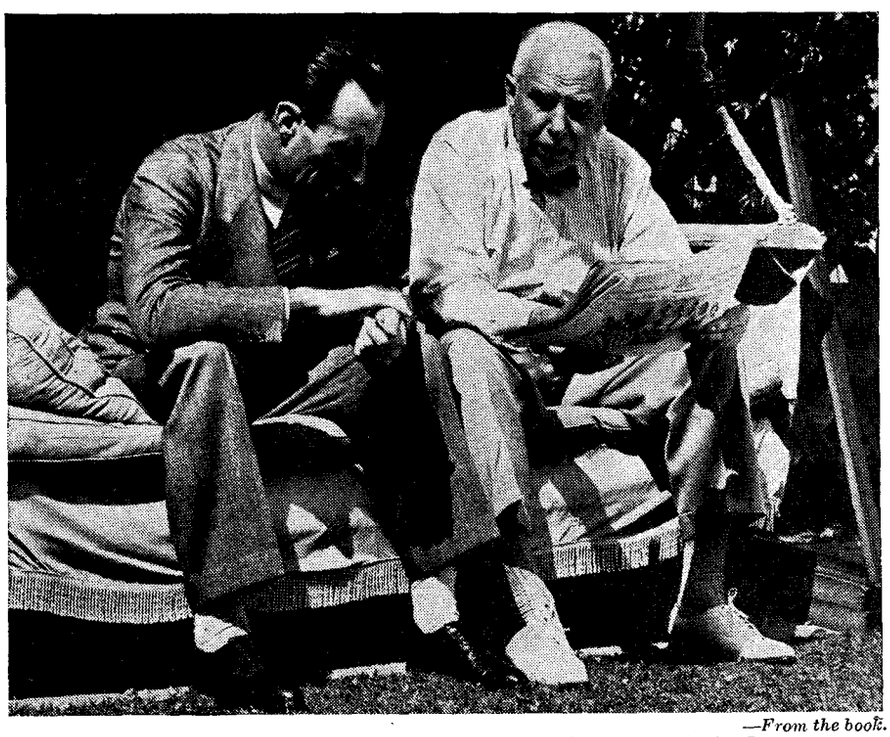
But Robert H. Elias's "Theodore Dreiser: Apostle of Nature" is an unusually frank and honest study of the man. And it is so, to a remarkable degree, because of the frankness and honesty for which Dreiser himself always stood, both in his writing and in his conduct. Sherwood Anderson once paid Dreiser the compliment of saying: "The fellows of the inkpot, the prose writers of America who follow Dreiser will have much to do that he has never done. Their road is long, but, because of him, those who follow will never have to face the road through the wilderness of Puritan denial, the road that Dreiser faced alone."

This seems to be as true of biography as of fiction. In Dreiser's nonfiction which explicitly traced the groping and awkwardness of his adolescence and early maturity, as well as in novels like "Sister Carrie," "The Genius," and "The American Tragedy," where the problems were his own and those of his family, he gave the substance of autobiography. In his gift to the University of Pennsylvania Library of the greater part of his manuscripts and correspondence, he provided material for which scholars of an earlier generation would have had to wait at least a generation. But above all it was the spirit of Dreiser's powerful belief in the faithful presentation of life that has given to Mr. Elias the strength as well as the material for a biography which immediately assumes importance.

Dreiser's career is at least as interesting as his writing, and their themes are ultimately the same. It is not simply a question of the fact that "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt" are based on the lives of his sisters, any more than that "The Titan" was based on the career of Yerkes. This is not a matter of adventure or plot; it is the problem of typical idealisms in conflict with society and nature. These were the conflicts that Dreiser knew from his own experience; their resolution was the effort of his life. Mr. Elias traces his stumbles up the ladder. Dreiser rested, for what to many men might have been finally, at the editorial desk of the *Delineator*. The salary was excellent. His practice was shrewd:

> We cannot admit stories which deal with false or immoral relations, or which deal with things degrading, such as drunkenness. I am personally opposed in this magazine to stories which have an element of horror in them, or which are disgusting in their realism and fidelity to life. The finer side of things—the idealistic—is the answer for us, and we find really splendid material within these limitations.

The wonder is, considering the tragic role which lack of money had played in his life, that he did not end up as an Arnold Bennett, so like the Mr.



—*From the book.*

Theodore Dreiser interviewing Harry Bridges for an article in June 1940—"The finer side of things—the idealistic—is the answer for us."

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Nixon of Pound's "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley."

The truth is that just as in his explanation that in an untrammeled nature there was nothing in which to believe, so he could not believe in money either. He only found it necessary, which is quite another matter. If there was a personal paradox, it was in the fact that editorship as he practised it helped to set the form of common literary judgment which stifled the publication and the immediate rewards of a novel like "Sister Carrie." Of that important episode in American literary history, Mr. Elias has given us the fullest and the most valuable account.

If Dreiser developed as a "naturalist," as so many critics have labeled him, it was so in the particular sense of a naturalism always in conflict with the aspirations which he and his characters habitually felt. One may in fact question whether truly naturalistic writing is possible in America, where the dream of progress of one sort or another is so firmly imbedded in our subconscious. It was the pull towards idealism, its irresistible and magnetic force, which led Dreiser more and more avowedly to criticize the remediable American scene.

Dreiser's career in the Thirties was, although he expressed it as though somewhat in caricature, typical of the plight of contemporary literary figures. Impelled towards some kind of directive, the alternatives seemed either political or religious. Their innate difference was not marked. The greater appeal of the former was chiefly in its more definitely articulate rationale and its more immediately substantive demonstration of results. Dreiser was tossed and buffeted, but, although frequently confused, moved always with integrity. The pay-off was substantively disastrous, and, what was worse, left him in unsplendid isolation. The first move had been a failure in its totality. His second move veered towards religion. A vague but satisfying sense of divine energy, in combination with societal reform, gave him the beginnings of a new attitude towards nature and life. It was at a point somewhere between the inner white gleam of the Quakers and the outer red starlight of the Soviet. But it was illumination, and in the account of Dreiser's long pilgrimage towards it Mr. Elias has admirably given us more insight than we had before.

Norman Holmes Pearson, a member of the English department of Yale University, is co-editor of the "Oxford Anthology of American Literature."

Stage Directions for 29 Pilgrims

—*Frontispiece of the book.*

A COMMENTARY ON THE GENERAL PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES. By Muriel Bowden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 316 pp. $4.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CHAUCER'S extraordinary microfilm of human espionage (hidden too often in the hollow pumpkin of the graduate school) was accomplished in 858 lines. The seraphim are always brief. It requires by now some 300 pages of dense and highly intelligent text to sum up the corpus of pertinent comment on the Prologue alone. But it has never been done before in such convenient compass. Dr. Muriel Bowden's devotion was laborious and valuable. She takes the Prologue, as it were by television, one shot at a time, and appends historical stage direction for each of the twenty-nine pilgrims. Like Chaucer's Cook, she boils the chicken and the marrowbones together; the savory marrow of Chaucer gets sometimes a little soupified in a chicken broth of commentators. Geoffrey would cackle, I think, at the footnote quoted from saintly old Skeat explaining that "a pullèd hen" was "of little value." It would be delightful to argue some of the traditional translations of Chaucer's hard lines: "a fair for the maistrie," for instance, means to me a good bet for promotion; and "the droghte of March" perhaps akin to the French droguer, viz. tedium, weariness, the long drag toward April, and the green light of the year.

But Dr. Bowden, bless her, has taken the duty and discipline of graduate schools in stride. She knows that the infantry of footnotes often have to take by hard fighting strongpoints that would have yielded without struggle, a little later, to strategic pressure on the flank. But the devotees of Chaucer, letterpunctual in text, know little of his temperament. To relish his mischievous tenderness they would have had to live and observe as variously as Geoffrey himself. They would have to wear scarlet breeks, know Cecilia de Champagne, attend trade conventions, travel the Hokinson Circuit of women's clubs, eavesdrop in State Departments and theological seminaries, pubcrawl with Robert Burns, and bed with Grosse Margot. They would have to fall on their knees and climb their high horses with equal sincerity. Chaucer was an artist, and we must be cautious not to falsen his mateere with too much apparatus.

The noble and desolate hope of scholars is always that by multiplying memoranda (and obliviscenda) "the late fourteenth century will take on the colours of actuality." I think that unlikely. I prefer to think that Chaucer's 858 lines of Prologue, diluted with only a few sips of lexicon, can make our own twentieth century more actual. I joined up with Harry Bailly's cavalcade about forty years ago, under the spell of a great teacher both colloquial and astringent (the late F. B. Gummere). Like many of the pilgrims themselves I went along just for the ride, and found myself riding with them for life. What I admire most in Dr. Bowden's book is that she also shows that sense of green April enjoyment. She knows everything the dull men have noted and counternoted, and still her eyes dazzle. In so far as any woman of breeding can possibly comment on Old Mischief, she keeps her lip as clean as the Prioress. With what joy she must have escaped from Brearley and St. Agatha's to deal with students at Columbia and Hunter, where one could at least talk textual turkey about Chaucer. She rises into that very small group of women competent to associate with so shy a man. She is on the beam; she rides astride, like the Wife of Bath; not sidesaddle, like Lady Eglantyne.

It is odd (suddenly occurs) how few commentators on Chaucer have themselves been poets. I think of J. R. Lowell (who also had a forky beard), but most of Kipling, whom Dr. Bowden does not seem to have mentioned. More subtle indeed than Skeat or even Keats. In one of his most famous early stories ("The King's Ankus") and one of his unnoticed late stories ("Dayspring Mishandled") Kipling took over straight from G. C. . . . But I take Chaucer very seriously, much more so than most professors, and have to restrain.

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Attuned to the Cadence of Quality

OTHER MEN'S MINDS: The Critical Writings of Jay Lewis. Selected and Edited by Phyllis Hanson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 172 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THOSE incredibly learned and industrious men who for the transient daily press write five or six book reviews or literary essays a week—they go to heaven surely, but they are seldom remembered on earth after their passing. The late Jay Lewis will be remembered for a while because, as an unusually felicitous blurb-writer says on the jacket of this book, he was "respected for his learning, honored for his courage and integrity, beloved for his felicity of expression, followed for his enthusiasm."

Of an old Virginian family on the paternal side, one of his ancestors having been Meriwether Lewis, Jay Lewis was born, in 1881, in Nova Scotia. Like all good Nova Scotians, presently he turned up in Boston, where he entered newspaper work. Doubtless from the first he was headed for his ancestral state, for he served on New York and Washington papers before joining the staff of the *Richmond Virginian* and the *News Leader* of the same city in 1910. Nine years later he began that association with the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* which continued until his final illness in 1947.

In hospital, at the urging of friends, Jay Lewis made this selection from his thousands of articles, and the day before he died sent the manuscript to the most steadfast of those friends, the Norfolk poet Phyllis Hanson, who has completed the editorial work on the book and has contributed a tender and discriminating introduction. Reticent, elusive, Jay Lewis lived, says Miss Hanson, in the world of books, watching with "sardonic amusement, surpassing interest, and overwhelming compassion," the comedies and tragedies of American literature. He was "a reformer, a challenger, and a radical with a fervent social consciousness."

Harry Hansen, who can evaluate if any man can the achievement of a fellow craftsman, in his appreciative foreword calls Jay Lewis "a literary journalist who could stop people in their tracks," and who accordingly "stirred many to new experiences in reading." And Alice Dixon Bond, writing of Lewis in *The Boston Herald,* noted that "he sought truth in all that he did and said and thought," and that "his ear was attuned to the cadence of quality."

But that phrase—"the cadence of quality"—was one of Jay Lewis's own. His comment is often memorable, frequently by virtue of barbed wit, as when he calls a philosopher "one who has tried and failed and consoles himself with wise maxims," or notes that political and religious intolerance are "manifestations of the immediate ferocity always aroused by new and alien ideas." His learning was encyclopedic; his re-evaluations of great writers and revivals of the fame of worthy but forgotten authors, were, as Harry Hansen has noted, a truly educational activity. Jay Lewis's style curiously lacked all pomp or conscious finish. It was an effortless style, homely as good conversation. That is why he had such an army of truly devoted readers, and why this little book, with its comments ranging from the Bible to Shakespeare to Sholem Asch and Sinclair Lewis, can be recommended.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 774)

C. MORLEY:
POWDER OF SYMPATHY

No writer has ever attempted to analyze the shimmering tissue of inchoate excitement and foreboding that fills the spirit of the juvenile Rhodes scholar as he first enters Oxford College . . . Sheboygan indeed seems far away!

Assessing the English Great

HENRY FIELDING. English Novelist Series. By Elizabeth Jenkins. Denver: Alan Swallow. 1948. 101 *pp.* $2.

THE BRONTËS. By Phyllis Bentley. 114 *pp. The same.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Lettice Cooper. 110 *pp. The same.*

SAMUEL BUTLER. By G. D. H. Cole. 118 *pp. The same.*

SAMUEL BUTLER. By P. N. Furbank. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 113 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE first four volumes of the English Novelists Series competently carry out, each in its own way, the publisher's announced intention of presenting, "in compact form, biographical and critical assessments of the great English novelists from the vantage point of the new generation." This is a good start for a publishing enterprise that already has twenty-nine more titles on the stocks. The critical biographers heard from so far, dealing with subjects of very different weights and densities, have all managed to put a considerable amount of informative matter into the comparatively few pages at their disposal, and have in each case subjected the works under consideration to as close an inspection as was congruous with the purpose and popular destination of the series as a whole. One should not look in these little books for revolutionary judgments or startling insights, or for the ingenious employment of recently developed critical techniques. These slim volumes are quite simply and successfully what they were meant to be: helpful introductions and intelligent surveys, to which a reader may turn with profit when either taking up or putting down one of these authors.

Miss Jenkins, dealing with a novelist regarding whose achievement criticism has pretty well stabilized itself, gives a straightforward account of both the man and his work. She lays emphasis on Fielding's innovating genius, his masterly craftsmanship, his united endowment of "great imagination and great critical power," his compassion based on a personal knowledge of human frailty that was both wide and deep, and the enlightened humanitarianism, so far in advance of his age, which found expression not only in his novels, but also in his career as a Bow Street magistrate. It would be hard to quarrel with anything Miss Jenkins has said about the novelist whose "Jonathan Wilde" is, according to Austin Dobson, "a model of sustained and sleepless irony," and whose masterpiece was saluted by Gibbon as destined to "outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria."

Turning from Harry Fielding to the Brontës, we turn from sunlight to shadow, from clarity to mystery. Of course, genius can never be wholly free of mystery; and Fielding was a genius. But in the case of the Brontës, mystery seems to be triply and darkly compounded. Never has there been another such family of astonishing children; never another such communal upsurge of creative talent as that which gave birth to the Glass Town confederacy and the kingdom

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of Gondal, with their "newspapers and magazines, pictures and politics, poets and historians, publishers and booksellers, actresses and generals," their romances, parliamentary struggles, wars and scandals and advertisements, all created by the young Brontës in their dream-world characters, and recorded "in their tiny script on tiny sheets of paper, stitched together in grey or brown or blue covers made of sugar-wrappers." It was in this rich seed-bed of make-believe that the remarkable blooms of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" had their roots, blooms which were calculated to baffle critics utterly as long as Glass Town and Gondal remained unknown, but which now can be understood a little better, without, of course, being wholly explained—since in art no complete explanations are ever possible.

Miss Bentley has absorbed and used the latest findings of Haworthian scholarship in her account of the origins of the sisters' writing. She stresses the interacting forces of Celtic blood and Yorkshire environment—which made possible "their presentation of that unit of northern earth known as the West Riding of Yorkshire"—and the profound sense of isolation, even of burial, from which all the Brontës suffered in varying degrees, and which three of them sought to overcome by art. She examines the two famous masterpieces with as much care as space permits, notes the originality of "Shirley," partially condemns "Villette" for the right reasons, contrasts Emily's "clear-eyed compassion" with Charlotte's and Anne's "animosity against certain types of humanity," and is a bit too generous, I think, in her praise of Emily's poetry. Her book is, in short, an entirely worthy telling of a tale which must always fascinate and move those who read it, because it is at once so extraordinary, so tragic, and so triumphant.

Miss Cooper's subject is far less interesting and complex than Miss Bentley's, for when one tries to come to grips with Stevenson one clasps only a golden legend, from which a good deal of the gold has already faded; but with sympathy and intelligence, she does justice to both the legend and her author. And in the course of her justice she puts her finger squarely on the reason why some of us find RLS such thin, insubstantial reading.

> The truth was [she writes] that in that emotional core from which all fiction springs, Stevenson was always years behind his age. To the end his favorite authors were Scott and Dumas . . . Stevenson

(*Continued on page* 31)

Fiction. *R. C. Hutchinson, who has modestly described himself as an English bourgeois who has written a few books, is rapidly becoming Great Britain's most satisfactory novelist. In the "Elephant and Castle," reviewed this week, he uses the device of the Victorian novelist, the confusion and tragedy resulting from the involvement of the upper classes with the products of London slums. The novel, which must be rated as his best, becomes a social drama, a crowded tapestry of modern city life. Unlike most writers today Mr. Hutchinson has no axe to grind, or cause to defend, except that of humanity itself. . . . Two other novelists of the week—Mazo de la Roche in "Mary Wakefield" and Martha Albrand in "After Midnight"—serve up the never failing mixture as before. In "For Us the Living," Haakon Chevalier writes of Good People and Bad.*

Near the Headwaters of Jalna

MARY WAKEFIELD. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 337 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MISS DE LA ROCHE has invested some of her "Jalna" volumes with more charm than this one; but she has never told a swifter, more dramatic, or more absorbing story. Dramatic is indeed so much the word for it that it could be converted to the stage or screen with little trouble. The story belongs near the headwaters of the great "Jalna" chronicle. It appears, in fact, to come chronologically second in the list (which now counts eleven titles), just after "The Building of Jalna." It gives the history of a stormy love affair in the summer of 1893, before Adeline Whiteoak had become aged, while her sons and daughter were in their middle age or earlier, and ere the Jalna clan had multiplied to its subsequent community proportions. The setting is the familiar mansion overlooking Lake Ontario, with the broad acres of a manorial estate about it.

—*Acme.*

Mazo de la Roche—"one of the best achievements of Canadian literature."

From the first chapter the story has pace and suspense. Into Jalna house, as governess to the two small children of Philip Whiteoak, young widower heir of the place, comes a high-bred, sensitive English girl, all too ill-equipped by training for her post, and (in the eyes of most friends and neighbors) all too pretty. Philip is not particularly susceptible. He is being besieged by another young lady, native to the district. But he soon shows signs of capitulating to the charming girl from London; and as he does so his mother, the domineering Adeline, his uncles, his other relatives, and even his young children develop a sharp hostility to the newcomer. Mary Wakefield finds herself faced by a wall of hostility on all sides but one. The sharp-tongued, morose-tempered housekeeper of Jalna serves as chorus-mistress for an endless round of gossip. The local doctor takes sides against the girl. She is traduced, scolded, belittled, and finally subjected to insulting attack. "Are you Philip's mistress?" demands the imperious Adeline—and in the shrinking girl's bewildered reply finds ground to drive her from the place.

The plot, with its succession of sharp encounters, and with not a little of the element of surprise intermixed (though the happy ending is a little too pat), is as effective as any Miss De la Roche has devised. Nor is her character-depiction less skilful than of old. It was always spirited and convincing, if never subtle. Here again are the two delightful old uncles, Ernest and

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Nicholas, caught in the omnipresent money troubles of the year 1893, and hence surrendering to the not unhappy fate of spending the rest of their lives at Jalna. Here are the chill and haughty Buckleys. Philip is well drawn as the spirited young Anglo-Canadian completely devoted to farming, hunting, and breeding. As in all the other books, the masculine-minded Adeline Whiteoak, deplorable in her tyrannical fits but admirable in her hard common sense and broad understanding of people, keeps near the center of the stage. Though Renny is but six, he already displays the impulsive and temperamental traits which were to provide so much complication for the later "Jalna" volumes.

Sometimes we have thought we had been given a little too much of Jalna, and that the gifted Miss De la Roche should seek a fresh field; this volume convinces us that we really needed more of the chronicle. Taken as a whole, the work begins to stand up as one of the best achievements of Canadian literature, in its way almost monumental.

Eerie Goings-On in California

THE MADRONE TREE. By David Duncan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 230 pp. $3.

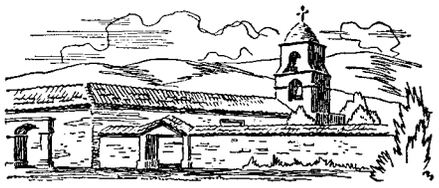
Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

THERE are some eerie goings-on in David Duncan's second novel, which follows "The Bramble Bush," published last year. The tree of the title is a symbol of evil for the small town of Jonesville in northern California, and around it occur a number of wild happenings, all with unmistakable Freudian overtones. Essentially this is a tale that falls in the thriller category, but the author has attempted to give it some deeper implications. In or out of context, they're a little on the absurd side.

This madrone tree has, it seems, a satiny bark resembling human skin, and it stands in a clearing on the outskirts of town, in an area known as the Bull Woods, belonging to and inhabited by the Kildonans, a family beyond the community pale. The Kildonans not only choose to live in the woods and flout the general fear, but they fail to attend the church services of the Reverend Manley Foxx. As a result they are avoided and feared. But this doesn't prevent the courting of Ailsa Kildonan by some of the more daring gentlemen of the town, nor the erotic visions of her developed by the young school principal, Edward Spence.

Some seventy-five years before, a wandering missionary met his death near the madrone tree, and local gossip credited his death to a goring by a wild bull. Town legend still had it that the bull haunted the woods and sought for victims. Every now and then marks appeared on the tree—which could have been made by an animal sharpening its horns.

Jonesville is a lumbering town, isolated and backward. Mr. Duncan has chosen to mix some elementary Marx with his simplified Freud, and we find that between state (mill-



—From "Land in California."

owner Ivor Jones) and church (the Reverend Manley Foxx) the workers are held to a low standard of living and a non-striking frame of mind. Between the two forces they're kept hidebound and repressed, their minds prey to imaginings of evil. (For evil, in this case, read disguised sex.)

The plot begins to gyrate fantastically when a stranger, Bleeker Twist, emerges from a passing bus one dark evening and calls on Edward Spence. Twist, a professor of "psychology," wants to do some research in the area, and the only place for him to stay happens to be an empty cabin in the Kildonans' woods. Not very long after his arrival, wild, maniacal laughter is heard near the madrone tree, a man is murdered there, and Twist interprets fresh marks on the tree. They were made by a whip. The bull never appears, by the way, except as a symbol of virility and license in the minds of the townspeople and Bleeker Twist, whose rationalizing ability makes much clear for both characters and reader. And he is the one who manages to unmask the sex-obsessed tree-flagellant and murderer.

Mr. Duncan does have a facility for neat construction, and it must be said that he winds up a number of incredible events into surface plausibility. But his allegory seems curiously old-fashioned these days. Freudian psychology for purposes of mystification has been much better used by others, notably by Helen Eustis in "The Horizontal Man." On the other hand, if one wants to read this simply as a story of suspense, the unraveling of some seemingly supernatural events can keep one guessing.

Always on the Run

ON THIS SIDE NOTHING. By Alex Comfort. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 192 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

WHEN some of us in our urge to shower plaudits on Alex Comfort hailed this brilliant young Englishman's first novel, "The Power House," as a modern "Germinal," we apparently were on the right track. Here in his second novel, which is a somewhat more slender but grimmer work, Alex Comfort again reveals himself to be a practitioner from the school of naturalism, among whose early alumni we may count Zola, Maupassant, and Huysman.

Mr. Comfort's scientific patience and accuracy in dealing with background, speech, and psychological traits make him specially eligible to write novels on the social scene or, in a very loose sense of the term, problem novels. Perhaps the latter classification fits "On This Side Nothing" as well as any. Certainly the plight of the Western Jew, about whom Mr. Comfort writes so intelligently and sympathetically here, may be regarded as a problem—a burning question which must torment the onlookers as well as the pursued and their pursuers. Mr. Comfort projects the whole unresolved, painful question through the narrative of a non-Zionist Jew, Shmul Weinstock. Shmul is a man whose personal independence is more important to him than his memory of race, a man who would rather be always on the run than back the treacherous notion that freedom is a national thing.

The setting of Mr. Comfort's powerful tale is an anonymous North African city where a community of Jews escaping the European gas chambers suffer again the humiliation and pain of inclosure under the German occupiers. The story of those days of siege in the ghetto, the conflict between insurgents and respectable citizens, the riots, the strained relationships between those of the "Exile" and the Zionists, are seen

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Walt Whitman. 2. Merrill Moore. 3. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 4. Ralph Hodgson. 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 6. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 7. Walter Savage Landor. 8. Aphra Behn (1640-1869). 9. Sir John Suckling. 10. John Skelton. 11. Sir Thomas Wyatt. 12. Beaumont and Fletcher. 13. Vachel Lindsay. 14. Emily Dickinson. 15. Sir Philip Sidney. 16. Francis Beaumont. 17. Edgar Allan Poe (West Point). 18. Christopher Smart. 19. William Cowper. 20. Henry Vaughan.

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through the eyes of our disenchanted protagonist.

Shmul Weinstock, having no real ties on earth, might very easily be a symbol of the intellectual Jew, the introvert as opposed to the extrovert mind in the world today. Even when Shmul returns to this North African city to see his family, he feels a stranger among them. His father and brother may look hopefully toward Palestine, but they have prospered in the Exile. Rachel still attracts him and he might have married her and lived in orthodox fashion had these been peaceful times; but even Rachel belongs to that other world "associated with people who eat gefillte fish and seem to be perpetually playing at being Jews." His kind of Jew might be "Gentile fabrication, poisoned by the Exile," but Shmul cannot help it any more than he can help being a "Man-Jew" . . . . "Somebody who likes living and who puts up some sort of a fight to stay living." Although Shmul helps his blood brothers to dig a tunnel out of the camp, he knows that there is really nothing outside. Where could they go? Palestine? Wasn't one place as good as another?

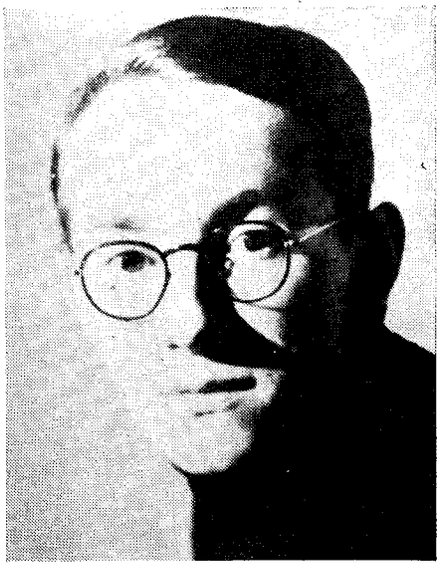
The irony of Mr. Comfort's grim little piece reaches its peak when the British take over from the Nazis and set up their own barbed-wire fences around the ghetto. The climax comes when Shmul is forced to make a choice between his wandering exile and running away with the others to the promised land of the Jews. Shmul takes the more lonely path, but one with which he is more familiar. The others, the "Meat-Jews" and "Law-and-Order Jews," fail to see that Josephus preached on Shmul's side. Also, Shmul finds a certain opiate in the knowledge that humanity only survives in the individual's protest:

> the soul that obeys and conforms and delegates, it shall die, and anyone who makes a graven image out of himself or his ideas or even his Jewish Nation. the people shall stone him with stones that he die. I wish they would. The trouble begins when they stick a crown and a uniform on him and do as he tells them.

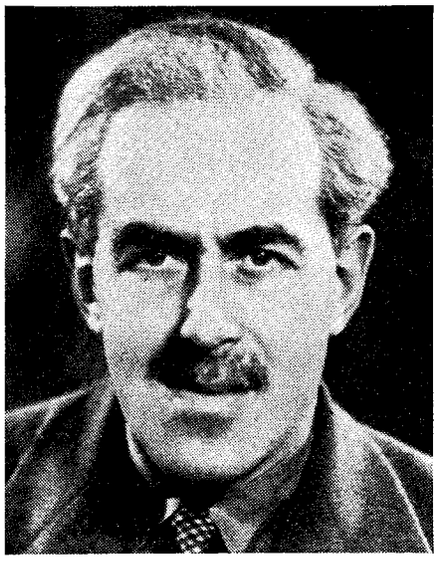
Some readers are certain to feel that Mr. Comfort has gone out of his way to present the case objectively by choosing a not very attractive type of hero, one who is more often given to soul-searching moods than decisive action. Still had he chosen a more militaristic type, we might not have had the rare insights into human character, or even the lyrical flights of imagination which manage occasionally to light up Shmul Weinstock's numb nightmare days and the pages of this compelling work.

—*Morley Baer.*

David Duncan — "elementary Marx with simplified Freud."



Alex Comfort—"scientific patience and accuracy."



R. C. Hutchinson—"people instead of literary skeletons."

London Labyrinth

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 658 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

IT MUST be exasperating to all the little thesis writers—the existentialists, the Marxists, the psychoanalytic novelists, and the rest—to come upon a full-blooded, magnificently alive work such as this, Mr. Hutchinson's ninth novel. All their philosophical trapeze work seems suddenly puny in the presence of a natural artist who can create people instead of literary skeletons, who can depict solid, opaque, and glandularly active life instead of a transparent, carefully designed existence to fit some esthetic pattern.

"Elephant and Castle" will almost inevitably prompt reviewers to summon up the poor ghost of Charles Dickens once again, so that Mr. Hutchinson's work may be compared with the solid nineteenth-century novels of character. Since this novel presents a wide London landscape with figures from the upper classes as well as from the dreary slums, and since its people embody a stirring social drama, Dickens's "Bleak House" will be cited. And the comparison is justifiable in a sense, even if it does injustice to Mr. Hutchinson; because the Dickens gallery, for all the richness of its eccentrics and its sharply flavored personalities, contains no characters who grow, disintegrate, or develop with the dynamic force and complexity of the astonishing people of "Elephant and Castle."

It is almost inappropriate to refer to the design of this story, so successful has the author been in creating a real world rather than a plot; but Mr. Hutchinson's structure is a daring one. At the start we learn that a murder has been committed in a London mean street, Mickett Lane, and that a hard-boiled newspaperman regards the crime as a vulgar one involving "very ordinary and very dull parties" and some commonplace motive. "The facts," the author then says, "will be stated and you shall make your own judgments." But he adds: "The largest mistake about the truth is to imagine that it is simple." Then he leads us gently, but with an ever-increasing compulsion, into a tragedy.

The architecture of the story places a woman of the upper classes, a sensitive, well-bred, intelligent person, in the midst of London's proletarian life. Through an inter-class marriage the genteel sophisticates come to know the rugged substance of the poverty-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Return of the Eagle

FOR more than a year now—ever since *SRL*'s polite family quarrel over Harrison Smith's "Let the Eagle Scream" editorial—things have been pretty quiet in the office. But the war drums have begun to roll again at *SRL*, for Mr. Smith's soaring eagle went back into business in the old nest last week in the editorial "The Year of the Miracle."

Before attempting to answer Mr. Smith's editorial, two facts ought to be made clear, although both are probably apparent to *SRL* readers. The first is that Mr. Smith and I are warm friends,* and have been ever since I met him nine years ago, when he invited me to follow George Stevens as head of the staff. Not to be maudlin about it, *SRL* has given me the happiest and most meaningful days of my life; and I shall never cease being grateful to Mr. Smith for making that possible. Our association has ripened into deep friendship nourished by the sense of struggle and pride we shared, together with the other editors, in watching *SRL* grow from a readership of some 20,000 to its present all-time high of close to 100,000. Whatever disagreements we may have had have never spilled over from the editorial page.

The second fact that ought to be made clear is that this page, unlike the editorial pages of most publications, is not intended necessarily to represent the settled editorial policy of the magazine so much as it does the views of the individual editors. That is why each editorial is initialed. Most of the time those views are shared by all the editors. To that extent, this page reflects general *SRL* policy, even if it does not fix it.

So much for explanatory background. Now to get down to business. Mr. Smith's editorial last week put the blame for the comparatively small audience for literature in the country upon the writers themselves. He is saddened by their preoccupation with morbid themes—"the youngest of them seem to have gone to bed with despair for their companion"—and he deplores their constant harping on "every sin this country commits against common sense and decency."

As antidotes, Mr. Smith suggests that novelists concern themselves with epic themes now in the making, such as rebuilding the United States out of the depression, or the flood of wealth and workers to the Southwest and the Pacific Coast, or the current prosperity of the Midwest farmer, or the fact that during 1948 our factories produced one-half of the world's goods.

And here we come to the heart of Mr Smith's editorial. Writers, he says, should recognize that this miracle of production was created by our captains of industry who have been unfairly and maliciously treated in literature; novelists who continue to treat them as villains "should be taken firmly by the hand . . . and escorted on a tour throughout the length and breadth of the United States."

Unfortunately, perhaps tragically, modern literature—like almost everything else in our society—lacks epic proportions and an epic theme. It is easy to agree with Mr. Smith that much is wrong with modern writing, and that the audience for books in this country is much smaller than it ought to be. But it is startling, to say the least, to learn the particulars of both his diagnosis and his prescription. I was under the impression that one of the basic faults with fiction was that *not enough* really worthwhile *serious* novels were being published. I was under the impression that the trouble was just the opposite of Mr. Smith's complaint. Too many authors were shooting for the jackpot, writing slick scenarios rather than valid novels. Too many authors, far from trying to appeal to a small and restricted audience, were writing with one eye on the best-seller lists and the other on the book clubs. This particular period was noteworthy not so much for its novels of social protest as it was for its heavily upholstered and lightly I-Qued historical fiction, with the emphasis on inter-sex wrestling feats that were supposed to pass for romance. The book-jacket come-ons for these novels were usually spectacular pictorial interpretations of the human bosom which, like the international armaments races, were involved in such accelerating rivalries with competing book jackets that you knew an explosion was inevitable.

ANOTHER unfavorable trend in contemporary fiction is represented by the reduced opportunity for new writers. The almost extra-planetary rise in production costs has narrowed the experimental scope of the average publisher. At a time when the difference between profit and loss is often measured in overall economies, the publisher finds it difficult to gamble on as much new talent as he might

* During the "Eagle" controversy of 1947, a number of readers wrote in, expressing concern over possible serious friction within the staff as the result of the editorial debate.

After Snowfall

By Sjanna Solum

THE winter sunset left a pale pink glow
Upon the sky, against which lay a frieze
Of tangled branches of old apple trees
That flowered profusely: blossoming with snow!

It was as though the winter afternoon
Had by some magic borrowed out of May
A foaming orchard, delicate and gay,
To deck bare branches several months too soon.

Although such artifice was bound to please
The eye—the heart decried the barren doom
Of scentless petals that could not perfume
Still air which lacked a symphony of bees!

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otherwise like to do. Belles-lettres, literary biographies, and serious studies are among the other sufferers of inflated costs.

Like Mr. Smith, we hold no brief for the literary rash of neurotica—the obsession with despair and the shadowed life of the mind. But it seems to us that Mr. Smith fails to draw a necessary distinction between this type of novel and the novel of honest social protest. There is no transition or pause in his editorial as he moves from one to the other. "If you would believe these writers," says Mr. Smith, "we are a nation of neurotics; we lynch a Negro every week and insult a Jew every hour." I am sorry this sentence appeared in *The Saturday Review,* although I am sure it was not intended to be as flippant or as heartless as it sounds. What surprises me most about that particular comment is not only the casual way in which Mr. Smith lumps together two fairly different categories of novels, but the direct implication that too much was already being said about the conditions of Negroes and Jews and that novelists ought to get on to healthier subjects.

TOO much, did you say, Mr. Smith? Last week, a member of a Southern jury stepped down out of the jury box to testify in defense of a white man charged with murdering a Negro, and then, having deliberately insulted the widow of the Negro, calmly stepped back into the jury box to participate in arriving at an impartial decision. Too much, did you say, Mr. Smith? Recently, a building devoted to Jewish studies on the campus of a West Coast university was twice set afire. And where, Mr. Smith, do you get the idea that books dealing with these themes are the "cause for literature being the province of a small minority"? One of the biggest literary events of 1947, if we remember correctly, was the top-selling honors that went to Laura Z. Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement," the theme of which was apparently no bar to its popular magazine serialization, or its being made into one of the year's most successful motion pictures. One of the most compelling and important current books is Walter White's "A Man Called White," any single chapter of which could furnish abundant proof that, though tremendous progress has been made, the biggest part of democracy's job is still ahead. In reading these books, I confess I did not get Mr. Smith's feeling that democracy was being traduced. I got the feeling that these writers were trying to deal with the threats to democracy and were trying to get on with the unfinished business of democracy. Instead, Mr. Smith would almost have us believe that books such as these, rather than the conditions they described, represented the principal threats.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Someone, Lady Hamberton, will probably write a novel about you."

Mr. Smith is too competent a student of literature not to know that the greatest literature has been the literature of protest. "The longing for freedom," wrote William Dean Howells, "is the instinct for self-preservation in literature." Indeed, the story of liberty is the story of the world's great books and great poetry.

The only time we really have to worry, Mr. Smith, is when the literature of protest disappears. For when that happens, our democracy will disappear along with it. Let the others glorify themselves and preen and smirk at themselves in mirrors. Let the totalitarian systems discourage or ban literature which is distasteful to or critical of the state. Let Soviet Russia, for the methods of which you have expressed such a severe distaste, urge optimism upon its writers. Democracy thrives better on criticism—however stilted or unfair that criticism at times may be—than it does on synthetic praise.

Mr. Smith wonders why novels aren't being written about the miracle of American production in 1948 and about the men who made it possible, the captains of industry. Well, begging your pardon, Mr. Smith, but we were under the impression that *all* the American people took part in that miracle—ownership and management and labor and taxpayer and Government. We should take full pride in the tremendous outpouring of goods and machines during 1948, but we can remind ourselves that America's problem has never been primarily one of production. There was nothing wrong with our productive capacity in 1929 when the factories shut down and the banks closed. There were grain in the fields and clothes on the store shelves and building materials in the yards, but people were hungry and poorly fed and poorly housed and were out of jobs. And many of the captains of industry Mr. Smith seems to credit for having lifted the nation out of the depression were the ones who most bitterly attacked every depression-fighting measure of the man they hated as no other President has been hated in American history. While production figures were record-breaking in 1948, there is no mention in Mr. Smith's editorial of the fantastic rise in prices following the end of price control, despite the prediction by many captains of industry that the best way to bring prices down would be to lift all controls.

Make no mistake about it. We like captains of industry. In fact, we would like to see more of them. But they are getting fewer and more powerful. Even on those echelons, life is real and life is earnest. Small captains of industry find it increasingly difficult to stay in business against the competition of the large captains of industry. The growth of monopoly has been rapid—so rapid that it now represents the principal threat to American free enterprise.

We agree with Mr. Smith that in taking a captain of industry for his theme, a novelist should be fair and objective. As for the result, a lot depends, we suppose, on which captain of industry you pick and against what setting. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Shame of the States"

SIR: Every book reviewer is entitled to his own opinions, so long as he sticks to the facts. Mr. Raymond G. Fuller, in his review of my "The Shame of the States" [*SRL* Dec. 25, 1948] says that the book is made up mostly of newspaper pieces written "over the past seven or eight years." As plainly noted in my preface, the book is based mainly on a journalistic survey conducted in 1946 and 1947; the book's contents don't date beyond that. The reviewer charges me with over-stressing the dark side. Of ten mental hospitals described in detail in my book, two are given high praise. I challenge Mr. Fuller to find a fairer balance of existing realities in state hospitals. I further challenge Mr. Fuller—as well as Dr. Karl Menninger, who wrote the introduction to my book—to name the "*numerous*" state hospitals "where there are adequate numbers of staff doctors and fairly adequate numbers of nurses and aides, where no patient is abused or neglected, and where most patients are given personal consideration and the treatment considered best for their particular conditions." I love Dr. Menninger dearly, and I respect him as a psychiatrist, but he certainly went into a euphoric fugue in this part of his uncensored introduction.

Massachusetts and Connecticut are specifically named by my introducer and your reviewer among the five states "outstanding in this respect." Well, last November Dr. Clifton T. Perkins, State Mental Hygiene Commissioner of Massachusetts, sent the Governor a blistering report which said:

> Basically, we haven't enough trained doctors, or nurses, or occupational therapists, or other personnel indispensable to proper bedside care of patients and execution of therapeutic programs either within the hospital or in the clinics. We do not have enough facilities for the proper segregation and treatment of patients. . . . In short, we haven't enough of anything except the crying needs of our patients and of the communities which seek our help.

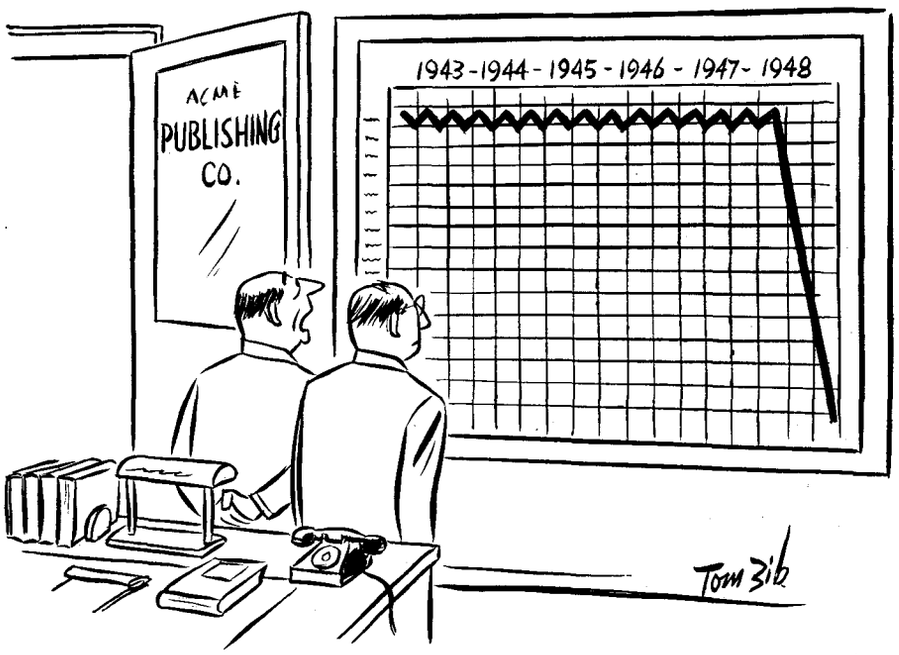
In his inaugural address on January 6, Governor Chester Bowles of Connecticut said:

> Another problem on which action is urgently needed has been referred to as "The Shame of the States," not just the conservative states or the liberal states, but all the states. I am referring to mental hospitals. If any of you doubt the urgency of the situation in Connecticut, I suggest that you visit any one of our state hospitals during the next few weeks.

Had the reviewer read my book with adequate care, he would not have charged me with omitting many points actually discussed in the book—such as the entire chapter on state administrative systems, entitled "Scapegoat or System." The rest is a matter of opinion as to what constitutes "good" and "bad." But when your reviewer supplies the italics in my statement that "not a single state hospital meets *all* the minimum standards set by the American Psychiatric Association," I maintain that it would be fairer to put it: "not a single state hospital meets all the *minimum* standards"—set by the APA twenty years ago.

ALBERT DEUTSCH.

New York, N. Y.



"Got out of that rut in a hurry, didn't we?

Sex

SIR: "Books, Beds, and Bromides" in *SRL* Jan. 8 is the last straw. For two years I have been becoming more sick and tired of your magazine's nostalgia for Victorian censorship.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, some years back, wrote a whole book to establish the superiority of Johannine to Pauline ethics in respect to the responsibility of the strong to the weak. ("Meat" is the book's name.)

The strong are responsible *for* the weak, but not *to* them. You, O *Saturday Review*, must address yourself to the well, the strong, the gentlefolk, the novices, and adepts here in Thélème, where honor is the all-sufficient rule.

KELLY JANES.

Monterey, Mass.

SIR: I find myself at least in partial agreement with Edmund Fuller's "Books, Beds and Bromides."

That realism in regard to sex is justifiable in fiction at all, even when used parsimoniously or "of necessity," I hold is yet to be proved. The place for such material, I hold, is in the several appropriate types of non-fiction.

But that it has been carried to unwarranted extremes seems to me indubitable. The great difficulty with the school of thought which holds that "anything goes" in the interests of artistic realism, or penetrating analysis of human behavior, is that much of such writing is purveyed to the immature (they may be emotionally or mentally so even though of voting age) who fail to see either the true significance of physical passion as part of a larger union of true lovers, or the corroding influence of passing experimentation or casual gratification.

A. H. BRUNNELLE.

Hiram, O.

SIR: Since sex is sex and everyone eventually feels it, to associate it with lewdness destroys its value. I'm positive our novelists are not attempting to corrupt us nor raise Mrs. Grundy from her grave. Therefore, Mr. Fuller's charges are absurd! I defy him to find any four-letter words in one of Mr. Cain's books. If Mr. Fuller really wishes to be shocked he should read some of the case histories of Havelock Ellis, Stekel, etc.

RICHARD LEIGH BERGEN.

New York, N. Y.

Rolland Used Beethoven

SIR: Romain Rolland took advantage of Beethoven's literary property and virtually Gallicized that most typical German. Yet I have never met the suggestion that any phase of Beethoven's glory was Rolland's.

Maestro Schoenberg [*SRL* LETTERS Jan. 1] might be surprised to know that since reading "Dr. Faustus"—and learning therefrom Mann's debt to Schoenberg—I have been stimulated with an eager interest to hear over and again both his familiar and less popular works.

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In several important categories Dr. Mann has rendered accessible to the thoughtful student the abstruse, the exalted, the neglected. He put flesh on the bare bones of the Bible; he breathed life into the humanities; he explored aspects of genius to which others had been blind in such figures as Nietzsche, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Goethe.

To my way of thinking, Maestro Schoenberg, by his querulous challenge of Dr. Mann's comparative future eminence, illuminates one of the most telling points of "Dr. Faustus": that a great composer can understand little not germane to his own exalted world; a world now somewhat less shadowy thanks to Dr. Mann's courageous probing.

DOMINIC M. PIZZUTI.

Tucson, Ariz.

SIR: I was informed by my good friend and amanuensis Eckermann that a certain Thomas Mann had written a novel entitled "Doctor Faustus," thereby incurring the anger of the composer Arnold Schoenberg, who, as he claimed in a recent letter to your esteemed journal, was robbed by the aforementioned author of his literary property.

Whatever the respective merits of the case may be, I consider myself more gravely injured than the irate musician. Nor is it the first time that I have suffered indignities at the hands of Mr. Mann. Already in his novel "Lotte in Weimar" he saw fit to besmirch me and my family with petty and vituperative gossip. Furthermore, he depicted me as a thoroughly disagreeable old man and created the erroneous impression that, in order to be a man of genius, I had become the enemy of life.

Now, going one step further, he violates the dramatic figure to whose service I devoted sixty years of my life. In unceasing effort, I achieved Faust's redemption and the fusion of his immortal part with the preordained cosmic harmony.

For the purpose of belaboring the Germans, Mann drags Faustus back to an earth that is hell and finally delivers him to the devil. I do not object to the chastisement meted out to my countrymen. Although they were a much better people in my day, I berated them soundly once in a while. But Mr. Mann should have created a symbolic character of his own, without encroaching on Mr. Schoenberg's and my domain.

And so on and on.

Goethe

Mount Parnassus,
The Year of my Bicentennial Anniversary

The Belgo-American Association

SIR: We wish to call your attention to the existence and aims of the Belgo-American Association, founded under the Presidency of Mr. van Zeeland, former Prime Minister, to further ties of mutual understanding and friendship between the United States and Belgium.

Besides a program of lectures and round-table talks, we are issuing a leaflet which deals with intellectual features in the U.S., including books, plays, and literary events. Unfortunately, we have been compelled to rely mostly on digests of books and are seldom able to handle the books themselves, many of which are unavailable in Belgium. We feel however that Belgian readers ought to be brought to better knowledge and appreciation of American literature.

Having this in mind, we have started to form a library of American books and a documentation center collecting pamphlets on various matters concerning American thought and means of expression. In order to achieve this purpose we have to rely mostly on gifts or exchange of books. Our organization is only a few months old and has very limited financial resources.

Being however anxious to gather good books recently published as well as classics of American literature, we would appreciate your bringing this to the attention of your readers.

PROF. E. J. BIGWOOD.

Association Belgo-Américaine,
Brussels, Belgium.

James Mathewes Legaré

SIR: I am preparing a life and works of the obscure ante-bellum South Carolina poet James Mathewes Legaré (1823-59), of Charleston and Aiken. I should be very grateful if any of your readers could guide me to letters or documents by the poet, or could tell me where I can find a copy of his single volume of verse, "Orta-Undis, and Other Poems" (Boston, 1848).

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS.

2A, Homewood Apts.
Baltimore 18, Md.

Pre-November Vintage

SIR: My review of "Art and Action" [*SRL* Jan. 8] contains in my first paragraph the statement, "Washington is backtracking toward 'normalcy' . . ." which, read against the current headlines, is clearly incorrect if not absurd. The explanation, as other remarks in the opening paragraph suggest, is that the review was written for you before the November elections. At that time the 80th Congress was most certainly hell bent on regressing toward "normalcy" and was doing its best to justify Mr. Truman's description of it.

CHARLES J. ROLO.

New York, N. Y.

Biographical Details

SIR: I protest! Why in the name of intellectual honesty must the editors of *SRL* apologize for identifying a Negro writer as such [LETTERS Jan. 15]? We have a natural—sometimes avid—curiosity about the biographical details of an author's life in order to help us better to understand the man and his work. To say that a serious writer's racial (as well as his religious, national, or, for that matter, economic) condition is irrelevant to an honest appraisal of his creative output, is to utter palpable nonsense. All these factors are inexorably significant influences upon the development of any individual, especially the creative artist, and I, for the life of me, cannot see why the intelligent reader is to be denied such knowledge.

JOEL S. POMERANTZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Let's have an end to such pious nonsense as the suggestion in a recent issue by Katherine E. MacDonald, that you cease to refer to Negro writers as Negroes.

You may well be ashamed of yourselves—but not because you identify Negro writers as Negroes, just as you identify Irish writers as Irish, Chinese writers as Chinese. You should be ashamed that you no longer will tell your readers the important and significant fact that certain writers are Negroes. They themselves do not hesitate to mention that fact. Quite the contrary.

Then why should you insult them with a typical piece of white condescension? Or shouldn't I mention the fact that you are white?

DON GRIDLEY.

Riverside, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We stick by our guns. There is a big difference, it seems to us, in referring to a writer's national origin and referring to his race. While it may be pertinent to record that a certain novel is by an Irish writer or an American writer, we do not believe that a man's color is necessarily to be regarded as a fact essential to his identification, unless there is something about a book which makes the fact of an author's color critical to its understanding. If a Negro comes from Ireland, we will refer to him as an Irish writer, but not otherwise.*

Identification

SIR: The explanatory note following my review of Fletcher Pratt's "The Empire and the Glory" [*SRL* Jan. 15] identifies me as visiting professor of history at Columbia University. It is true that I have had the privilege of that status. But it is not a correct identification today; for I am now and have been for some years past professor of history at New York University.

LEO GERSHOY

New York, N. Y.

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Personal History. *Two of this week's biographies deal with central figures in romantic legends. The tragic love story of the Hapsburg Crown Prince Rudolph and Mary Vetsera is familiar to Americans through such works as the fanciful "He Did Not Die at Mayerling" and Charles Boyer's film "Mayerling." Count Carl Lonyay's "Rudolph" may dissipate some of the romantic aura from the affair, but it will enhance its mystery. The Dolly Madison who rescued valuable state papers when Washington was burned in 1814 is familiar to most schoolgirls; in her new biography, Katherine Anthony gives our first real First Lady her romantic due. The third volume of the week, Lillian Littlehale's "Pablo Casals," is about a man who for his defiance of totalitianism may in time become a great romantic figure of another sort.*

Debunking a Royal Legend

RUDOLPH: The Tragedy of Mayerling. By Count Carl Lonyay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 244 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE Baroness Mary Vetsera was the daughter of a moneyed Greek woman who had wormed her way into the fringes of Vienna's high society. When Mary met Crown Prince Rudolph, she was no longer an innocent girl. Her mother seems to have condoned the affair with the Prince, whose unhappy marriage was as notorious as were his easy morals; probably she expected the royal friendship to give an additional push to her family's climb. But the intimacy with the heir-apparent fired the imagination of the girl. It may be wondered whether she really loved Rudolph. Rather, she fell in love with the picture of herself as the *femme fatale* in his life. He had suggested a suicide pact to others before—to a couple of officers and also to a simple woman of doubtful reputation (with whom, incidentally, he spent the night before his last, fateful tryst with Mary)—but they had declined the morbid request. But Mary gladly gave her life for the certitude that her name would remain tied to his forever.

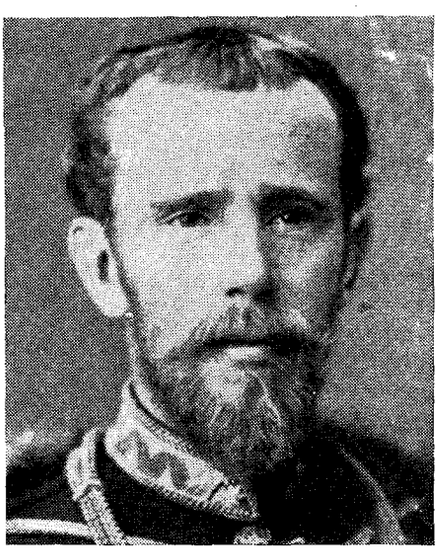
In this she succeeded perfectly. Even today, sixty years later, the myth of the great royal romance wrecked by court conventions and clerical cabals—to say nothing of fancier speculations—is still very much alive.

The present study ought to contribute to the oft-tried debunking of those legends. Its author, a trained historian, is a nephew of the Hungarian nobleman who married Rudolph's widow and thus in a position to add some family papers—among others, the Prince's icy farewell letter to his spouse—to the results of his own research in Austrian archives and to material published previously elsewhere. As far as the major facts it presents are concerned, Count Lonyay's book is by no means sensational. It is, however, interesting enough in episodes and in such details as the story of the ledgerlike "Register of Conquests" the Crown Prince kept about his amorous pursuits.

Of "the steeplechase of Rudolph's life," Count Lonyay on the whole paints a convincing picture—from the Prince's education, bungled between a melancholy, eccentric mother and a coldhearted, narrow-minded, petty, and occasionally ignoble father, to his last months ("a subject for the psychiatrist rather than the historian"), marked by drug-addiction, a growing sense of frustration, the characteristic bitterness of the disillusioned political idealist and *frondeur*, and despair of Austria's future. Like any suicide, his had complex motives; and his latest and most outspoken biographer does justice to their complexity.

The two pistol shots in the bedroom at Mayerling had a truly Shakespearean aftermath. No ordinary mind could invent, for instance, the nocturnal transportation of Mary's fully clad body, held upright in a carriage by her two uncles, to a monastery to be buried in an unmarked grave. Francis Joseph's attempts to conceal what he considered the undignified circumstances of his son's demise have often been criticized; Count Lonyay makes no exception. He closes his story aptly by describing the Emperor's wrangle with the Vatican for a Christian burial for Rudolph—a conflict which some years later resulted (a case unique in modern times) in his vetoing the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the papal throne.

Count Lonyay passes unmitigatedly harsh and frequently vehement judgment upon both the monarch and his prime minister, the equally unprincipled and dexterous Taaffe. He blames the court camarilla, "that mighty factor in the history . . . of the Hapsburg state," for most of the political failures which so exasperated Rudolph. He never stops to reflect on the unsolvable task with which the century of nationalism confronted the ruler of the last great supra-national country in Europe; nor, for that matter, does he give its due to the irresponsibility of the various national factions, which made the working of constitutionalism in the monarchy as much a farce as did Francis Joseph's inborn autocratic conservatism. In trying to sketch the wider historical background of Rudolph's life, his present biographer advances polemic oversimplifications. He is an emotional historian, but he has written a readable, swift-moving book.



Crown Prince Rudolph—"a subject for the psychiatrist."

—Illustrations from the book.

Baroness Mary Vetsera—"no longer an innocent girl."

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Our First First Lady

DOLLY MADISON: Her Life and Times. By Katherine Anthony. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1949 426 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ADRIENNE KOCH

THE Abbé Corréa in one of his typical witticisms during his diplomatic residence in this country, equably remarked: "Providence takes care of idiots, drunkards, and the United States." Providence indeed had not done badly for the new American Republic when it had tempted a certain young Quaker widow to leave her faith and discipline to effect a union with one of another faith and, consequently, a "libertine person." Dolly Payne Todd's marriage with the undeniably "great little Madison" would result in joy everlasting for the once-lonely statesman, and would be substantial comfort and pleasantness for the two great friends, Jefferson and Madison, during their successive Presidencies. To her glory, it must be avowed that Dolly Madison was all a woman should be: captivating, frivolous, yet loyal, understanding, and staunch. She fully deserved the compliment tendered her by an observant writer of her own sex (this last, the greatest compliment of all): "Mrs. Madison was a foe to dulness in every form, even when invested with the dignity which high ceremonial could bestow."

This blue-eyed, black-haired "foe to dulness" was, as Katherine Anthony reasonably claims, the nation's first First Lady. Both Martha Washington and Abigail Adams had missed their chance, the former by her notably partisan political entertaining, the latter by her distaste for the new Federal city, Washington, which made her fret out her brief residence in the vast unfinished "President's House" (later to become the White House). When the Republican ascendency began, at the opening of the nineteenth century, President Jefferson could not persuade his daughter, Martha Randolph, to assume the social duties of official hostess. Dolly Madison graciously, good-humoredly, and with perfect éclat took over the attractive responsibilities Jefferson placed upon her. First Lady in fact from 1801-09, she joined name to fact when her husband himself became President, giving her another eight years of undisputed sway over the entertainment, the dictating of fashion, and the warming of hearts of countless Americans and Europeans in a Washington world no longer forlorn.

Underneath the description of the peach-bloom scarves, the white satin and ostrich-plumed turbans, the emerald jewels, the low-cut Empire gowns, the ermine-trimmed capelets, and inevitable snuff-box of Dolly Madison, Miss Anthony has packed considerable scholarly research. Her book is evidently meant for the general biography-reading public. It is, on the whole, forthright writing. It will and should pleasure that public, who, meanwhile, cannot be offended to learn that there is solid ground for this enjoyable feminine saga.

Indeed, the scholarship is good enough to be the subject of a little gentle chiding. So good, it could have been a little better. Footnotes would certainly have helped, and the rigor of such a procedure might have corrected some careless lapses. For example, she would have made a point of contrasting the prudence and efficient management of New England's John Adams with the two Virginia Presidents, Jefferson and Madison, who faced financial ruin at the end of their lives. For without the intervention of his sons, John Adams also would have been financially embarrassed in his last years—he, like the Virginians, suffering in no small measure from the depredations in income attendant upon a lifetime of public service in the early years of the American Republic.

On the level of political understanding, there are reasons to feel that Miss Anthony has not quite mastered the complexities of her subject-matter. In order to fill out the life of a wife who conscientiously maintained the role of helpmate, the political principles and actions of Madison and other great leaders of that period are presented. In the main, these are competent popular accounts. But it is not appropriate to say that Jefferson excluded from the scant list of three things for which he "most wished to be remembered" his Presidency, because "the wound he received in the repeal of the Embargo Act" had never healed. On the contrary, Jefferson's choice testifies to his lifelong deepest values: political liberty, religious freedom, and knowledge and education. His character as a philosopher-statesman is plainly revealed by this purposeful avoidance of any of the public offices he accepted, the better to serve his country. In another essay at political evaluation, Miss Anthony compares Gallatin, the Republican, with Hamilton, the Federalist, and grossly overestimates the economic vision of the former at the expense of the latter.

Slight imperfections like these are certainly not likely to irritate or arrest the average reader, who will find the discrete blandishments of Dolly Madison sufficient unto all. In addition, Miss Anthony defends the intelligence and intellectual capacity of her subject warmly, and shows that Dolly, in dedicating herself to accomplish "the trust" Madison placed in her, of preparing his work for publication "for the world," possessed the integrity which converts a gay nature into one of real account.

Adrienne Koch is author of "The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson" and co-editor of "The Selected Writings of John and John Quincy Adams."

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

"Dolly Madison was all a woman should be" [painting by Rembraudt Peale].

Saint John

By John Metcalfe

I HEARD a sound in the wind,
mother,
Getting at me again,
And heard something go by
Like a sort of rude whispering sigh
In the silly rain.
All very well to say "Katie, listen,
It's just your head-noises."
I promised I'd try
Not to hear. But near that old Nissen
Hut where I heard them first
As I played with the boys
I *saw* a man
Just like the sound he had made,
All baker-white and sly.
Granted, I ran.
Yet I belong to Them now,
And you can fry
Before I give up my voices
For you or father.
I'd rather
Die . . .

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World's Greatest Cellist

PABLO CASALS. By Lillian Littlehales. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 232 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a revised edition of the biography of the world's greatest cellist, first published in 1929, and written by an American cello player who has known Casals for many years and in a variety of circumstances. It is a warmly sympathetic study of a supreme artist who is also a well-balanced human being, and if not faultless from the purely literary point of view, it has the considerable merit of presenting its subject full-length as man and musician.

A Catalan of Catalans—he was born seventy years ago this December in the village of Vandrell, not far from Tarragona—Casals now lives an exile in Prades, a little French town in the Eastern Pyrenees. He refuses to play in public as a protest against the Franco dictatorship, but his silence, against which no arguments can prevail, is not solely a symbol of his nationalistic spirit, for he would not play in Hitler's Germany or Mussolini's Italy.

Many of his fellow-countrymen, who idolize him as much because of his patriotism and loyalty to his principles as because of the honor he has brought his country, have discussed the possibility of his becoming president of Catalonia, another Paderewski, if his native land should be liberated, a prospect that seems sadly remote, particularly in view of our recent shameful overtures to Franco.

Miss Littlehales has a good, if not complete, chapter on the Catalan background of Casals, but apparently remains somewhat confused as to the distinction between the Catalan and Spanish languages and the characteristics of the two peoples. For example, she expresses surprise that Casals, as a "Spaniard" (the quotes are the reviewer's), is an organized, efficient person, with none of the *mañana* spirit in his system, when the Catalan time-sense is actually much more North American than Iberian, which is one of several reasons why the Catalans are often called "the Yankees of Spain." Anyone anxious to pursue the Catalan question further will find Dr. Josep Trueta's recently published "Spirit of Catalonia" an excellent little book.

Casals, who was christened Pau, and who, as one of his friends puts it "condescends to the use of the Spanish form Pablo," was the son of a musician father and a self-sacrificing mother, who had a number of other children to concern themselves about. They were poor people who had little to give their talented son, an infant prodigy, except their interest and faith.

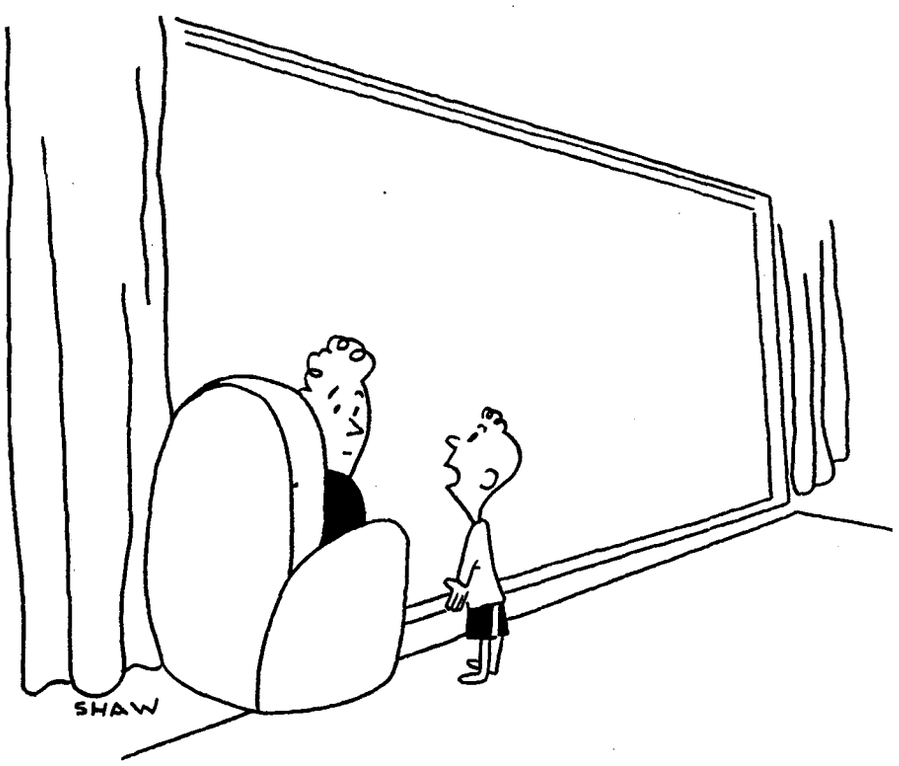
He was playing in Madrid when a little past twelve and in his early teens was sent to the Brussels Conservatory by Count Morphy, secretary to Queen Maria Christina, to study composition. His first appearance at the conservatory was a perfect manifestation of his two outstanding characteristics, his musicianship and his pride. The cello teacher asked what he could play, and he answered quietly, "Anything," an answer from a stripling that provoked ironical remarks which wounded the sensitive boy deeply. But when the teacher settled upon a composition as difficult as he could think of, Casals played it so brilliantly as to amaze the other students and embarrass the professor, who apologized and asked him to remain in the class. Casals refused and left Brussels, knowing that his decision would cost him the prized support of Morphy.

With his mother's help, he made a start in Paris, but illness sent him back to Barcelona, and it was not until he was twenty-two that he made his deput with Lamoreaux's orchestra and with resounding success. His distinguished career followed, the outlines of which are familiar to all music lovers of this generation, and a master was universally acclaimed.

But Miss Littlehales makes it clear that Casals has never had his fullest satisfaction from being a mere virtuoso, even one of the greatest of all time, and declares that he has often said he was never so happy as when rehearsing an orchestra, working with other musicians. Once he toured with his American wife, Susan Metcalfe, the lieder singer, as her accompanist, and it is another indication of his innate modesty that he considered more than once giving up his cello to provide the piano background for the music of other performers! He is also a composer of consequence.

In Barcelona, Casals organized and conducted one of the best orchestras in Europe, the Orquesta Pau Casals, and for twenty years was its leader. And true to his unswerving loyalty to the people, he organized, with notable success, concerts for workingmen, in this supplementing the magnificent work of Clavé, who was responsible for the two great choral groups, the Orfeos Catala and Gracienc, makers of music none who ever heard it can forget.

Miss Littlehales has written a sympathetic, appreciative, affectionate, and understanding biography, and has not neglected to put in a good chapter on the technique of Casals. He who can read these glowing pages without a sense of heartbreak at the fate of Catalonia and Casals must be callous indeed to the sufferings of some of the best and noblest of his fellows.



"Is it true the family fortune was made by betting on Truman in '48?"

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Poetry. *Too often the fate of a poet of our time is being reduced in the public mind to one or two or three poems endlessly reprinted in anthologies. So swift seems the pace of time, so many the supplicants clamoring to be heard, that the older poet's whole work is shouldered aside, and for a time almost forgotten. Here below Robert Hillyer handsomely redresses the balance in the case of Siegfried Sassoon, and William O'Connor supplies a new perspective to the work of a later—and now older—British poet, Louis MacNeice. Meanwhile a few recent Americans poets receive due notice. Perspective, it may be said, is what one finds so lacking in most modern criticism. The rule seems merely to cry up or cry down. The range of the critic is often narrow, whereas poetry should have the whole world's range.*

Master of His Idiom

HOLES IN THE SKY. By Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House. 1949. 61 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR

THE poet who inclines toward taut rhythms and compressed meanings may exhaust his reader or, on occasion, seem pretentious, but he works nonetheless in the direction demanded by his art. The obvious and influential virtues in the style of Louis MacNeice have in the past often come perilously close to being vices. His free rhythms, which make possible a conversational and offhand manner, are sometimes so loose that they have almost no metrical tension. His earlier idiom, at its best clear and supple, is sometimes journalistic and commonplace. Seemingly only his intelligence and his knowledge of Latin and English metrical forms have saved him from the unbuttoned style.

The MacNeice of "Holes in the Sky" is a master of his idiom. The reader rarely feels, as he might have in the past, that the poetic structure is in danger of disintegrating. In such a work as "Autumn Journal" (1939) the prose effects often got the better of the poetry. In "The Stygian Banks," a long poem in the latest volume, the prose quality remains, but the poet controls it. The asides, never irrelevant, serve to inform the theme, and the symbols recur in a kind of contrapuntal pattern. And in "Week End" a concentration of meaning is achieved by holding to a central conceit—no word or sentence is self-contained in its meaning because no human action can be isolated.

And "Week End" is the closest MacNeice comes now to the kind of satiric irony he wrote, along with Auden, in the Thirties. The latest poetry is without flippancy or brassy knowledge. It is no longer youthful. The most persistent subjects are, as in "The Stygian Banks," children and middle age:

I am alone
And you are alone and he and she are alone
But in that we carry our grounds we can superimpose them,
No more fusing than a pack of cards is fused
Yet the Jack comes next to the Queen. Though when they are dealt
You will often fail of the sequence; only you know
That there were other cards in the pack, there were other people
And moss roses and beanfields and in yourself
Monk and lover and a battered hoop
With you for once behind it—and a coffin
With you for once within it.

A number of poems arise from the doubtful peace of these years after the war, with a husband back from his years in the desert, with an England "stiff and older," and with the look of childhood haunts seen through eyes that saw the war.

None of the poems deal with "big" subjects. A few at first reading are delusively simple. Two or three seem to miss the mark—or, at least, do not give up their meanings easily enough to make their virtues apparent. Not curiously perhaps, a number of them, "Autolycus" and others, are concerned with the craft of poetry or employ figures of speech that suggest a concern with the poet's craft. In "Elegy for Minor Poets" he evokes the pathos inherent in the failure of talents that did not catch fire, in poets "who knew all the words but failed to achieve the Word—." MacNeice himself has neither been "lamed by fashion" nor caught in a circle. In the corpus of poetry written in our time his should have a high place.

Louis MacNeice—"neither 'lamed by fashion' nor caught in a circle."

Winter Night

By Eric Wilson Barker

STILL in his tree, a gray lynx listens:
The pinewoods crack in a freezing vise;
A coyote ranging the frosty barrens
Wails to a moon as cold as ice.

The streams that carried the night-dark otter
And watered the crested mountain grass
Are locked in white and armored silence
By reeds like bayonets of brittle glass.

A sheep that coughed on the frozen hillside
Lies still for the kite that follows the lion
When the steel lances of winter sunlight
Strike on the seas that take Orion.

In bitter swirls of the green Atlantic
The gathering icebergs growl and roll,
Stalking through wastes as wild and lonely
As skies that glitter toward the Pole.

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Great and Civilized

COLLECTED POEMS. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 260 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

SIEGFRIED SASSOON'S collected poems come as a revelation even to one who has followed his work, both prose and verse, through the past thirty years. His position (shared, perhaps, by his friend Wilfred Owen) as the foremost poet of World War I, left the reader with established notions that single volumes could not quite dispel. Now, with the whole range of his poetry before us in one volume, we see every part of his performance in relation to the whole. He stands forth as a major poet.

The collection truly presents an autobiography. The personality is well-nigh complete and deeply impressive; not a great poet only, but a civilized man. Humor, kindness, taste, and righteous anger are here, each in its just place and nowhere in recent literature more eloquent. Yet, though the book is personal, it is not romantically self-centered. Louis Untermeyer has remarked on Sassoon's "mystic identification with all things," and the phrase indicates the presence of that secret communication between the author and each reader, the person who is also Everyman.

The mood of Browningesque monologue in "The Old Huntsman" quickly gives way to the stung indignation of the poems written during the first war. Considering these, we

Siegfried Sassoon—"not a great poet only, but a civilized man."

are struck with the number of good pieces such as "When I'm Among a Blaze of Lights" and "The General," which have remained obscure amid the selections so often repeated in the anthologies. Neither their irony nor that of the more familiar protests has rusted with time because all Sassoon's poems are populated: the swirl of people and actions embodies anger beyond the one situation that roused it. Furthermore, the untiring, quick-eyed observation of others precludes self-pity. The contrast here to the poets of World War II is lamentable.

The Chaucerian warmth and playfulness of an early poem, "David Cleek," begin to come out again from behind the clouds as the war recedes in memory and the earth takes something of its familiar, English shape once more. We reenter a world of gardens, music, exhibits, and the flick of light-hearted satire. Nor is friendship forgotten: here are the memorial lines to Robert Ross. The past is here, as when, in "The Goldsmith," the flower girl passes along the sunny streets of Knossos. And here is an acknowledgment of kinship with the mystical Silurian, Henry Vaughan.

Because of Sassoon's dramatic presentation of his material he calls Hardy to mind. I find him a better poet than Hardy, broader in sympathy, less contrived, happier in conclusion, and in technique incomparably more polished. Sassoon is, with all else, an interesting poet. He summons our attention and holds it by the variety of his episodes and responses.

We are fortunate to have this perspective of all Sassoon's poetical work in a single volume. No modern collection could be more valuable.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 292

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 292 will be found in the next issue.

GSQ XLVGTA VQQV GSQ

TOQEEMNWQ, MOB GSQ

UVLASP-UMGSPWPFTVG GSQ

HOVUQMJMNWQ.—XMHFSMX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 291

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. —EMERSON.

Terse and Tangled

TOYS IN BLOOD. By George Anthony. Prairie City, Ill.: The Decker Press. 1948. 77 *pp.* $2.

SPONTANEOUS NOW. By Sophie Himmell. Fine Editions Press. 1948. 61 *pp.* $2.

WORD BUSINESS. By Holger Lundbergh. New York: Albert Bonnier Publishing House. 1948. 87 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

RIMBAUD and Verlaine are both credited with the phrase, "Take rhetoric and wring its neck." George Anthony, author of "Toys in Blood," belongs to the modern school which takes language and twists its wrist. The resulting cry is sometimes poetry of an unusual freshness; sometimes a maimed idea in inchoate syntax. There is nothing lush, obvious, or easy in Mr. Anthony's lines. He strives to make each word count for two, each image becomes the hiding place for others dimly discerned, each sound the drumhead of a host of echoes.

When the poetry is not tangled in its own formula it can reward us with this image taken from "Northern Sea Voyage," a poem of many effective lines:

Darkness drops over me: a hangman's hood.

Occasionally language becomes fluid and meaning uncorseted as in a conversational love poem, "Listen," and in this poem Mr. Anthony offers good criticism of his own technique.

Sometimes my lines will blur, and you
Will smile and think of other things.
The words we squeeze are often dry.

When George Anthony is the worthy economist of speech, he is successful, but too often he is the torturer of syllables and the poetry escapes him.

* * *

"SPONTANEOUS NOW" is Sophie Himmell's second book. It is a collection of tightly spun lyrics on familiar themes in which familiarity breeds admiration of a skilful fusion of idea and language. Occasionally this discipline tends to compress a potential lyric into an epigram. The tension of the line, the sparse adjective, the consistent image accumulate to Mrs. Himmell's credit as we read on and observe her craftsmanship and her awareness of her own limitations.

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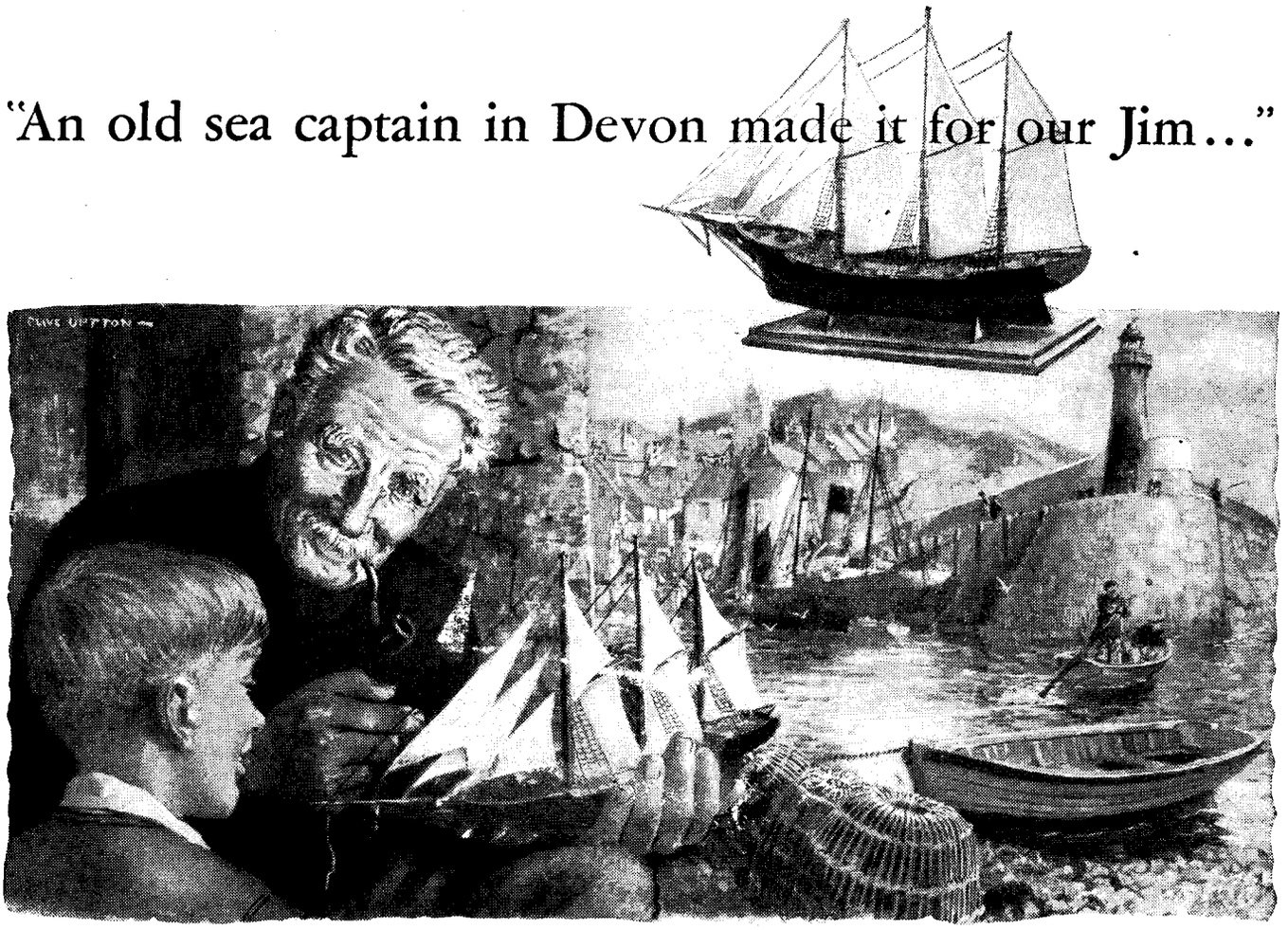
"An old sea captain in Devon made it for our Jim..."



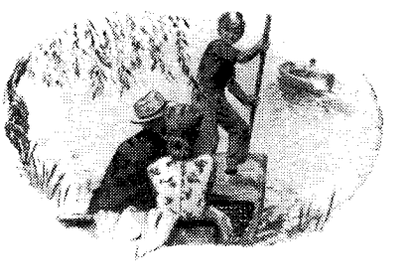
"We'll never forget old Captain Yeo! In that Devonshire fishing village, he and our boy became firm friends.

"I can see them together as if it were yesterday—Jim, then eleven, the Captain near seventy—going off fishing or sailing . . . both of them laughing and talking . . . exchanging the story of their lives.

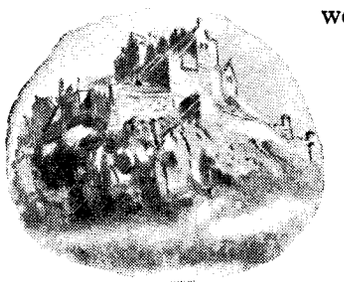
"That's why this model the Captain made him has a place of honor in our home. It recalls so many pleasant scenes and happy hours . . . the real warmth of the welcome we were met with everywhere in Britain.

"Our stay in Devon, you see, was only the beginning of a varied, wonderful vacation.

"Now, each time we look at Captain Yeo's schooner, we seem to set sail on a voyage back into memory . . . "



"Remember Henley Regatta . . . like a brilliant patchwork on the Thames? And how quickly Jim became quite an expert with a punt pole?"



"Remember Edinburgh Castle — *poised above* Prince's Street, like a sentinel on horseback—that day we bought the lovely Harris tweed?"

"Remember the 'Horn Dancers' at Abbots Bromley . . . with their curious knee-breeches, and the stags' antlers they carried on their shoulders?"

"Remember how small and *compact* Britain seemed . . . how quickly and easily one moved from place to place . . . and, as it were, from century to century?"

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There is no pretense of great knowledge, but there is the shining wisdom of a modest, sly-humored woman who can say on Holy Night:

How stupendous this thing:
To sit in a ring
Of candlelight furled,
And beyond—
A black world.

* * *

HOLGER LUNDBERGH is a bilingual poet, who spends much of his day writing, reading, and translating Swedish prose and for relaxation writes English verse of a reasonably high standard. His opening poem, "Word Business," is full of conversational lines which disguise and then gradually unveil the poet's problem of communication. Not new to the American literary scene, Lundbergh has contributed verse to our magazines for at least twenty years. He was a friend of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and the poem "Ellerslie," dedicated to them, is one of his better pieces. It begins:

It was winter then. A tall, metallic night,
Brittle as ekkshell, keen as a sharpened plow
Lifted over the house and the bare, black trees,
And the silent river. It is summer now . . .

Lundbergh has a deft talent in rhyme, and a puckish gift in his humorous and satiric verse, but it is the few serious poems in this book which warrant attention. The conversation pieces fray off into spindrift, but we can admire his vignette of the "Old Men" of New York fumbling with umbrellas and eyeglasses, suffering traffic fright, mending buttons, puttering endlessly, and drinking coffee . . .

Old men, proud in their loneliness,
Lonely in their pride.

The Bull's Eye

By Margaret Bartlett

I SWEAR by my thigh I am fathomless
as a white sky whiter
with stars in darkness than
is death or terror or moonlight,
and more alive.

I swear by my soul I am equal
to the anger in a bull's eye
and by my feet that I
can dance him level with a firefly,
the handsome beast.

I swear by my hand I know power
sweeter than sword in arbiter
and rose, but I swear by my own
that I know red without blood
in a bull's heart.

READERS who are interested in varieties of critical practice will find several diverse examples of the art in four recently published volumes: "Enemies of Promise" (Macmillan, $4), by Cyril Connolly; "A Chilmark Miscellany" (Dutton, $4), by Van Wyck Brooks; Edmund Wilson's "The Triple Thinkers" (Oxford, $4); and "Walter Pater: Selected Works" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5), edited with an introduction by Richard Aldington.

Speaking broadly, Mr. Connolly is an impressionistic, entertaining observer of the contemporary literary scene, well-read in several languages, who is capable of shrewd judgments and sharp critical thrusts; and who manages, rather remarkably, to combine in his auctorial character a certain elegance of attitude with a good deal of mental untidiness. Mr. Brooks, in his studies of American literary and cultural history—which are well represented in the present miscellany—has become more and more immersed in the thoughts and words of other writers, more and more saturated with them, and increasingly dependent on them; with the result that his work has steadily diminished in strictly critical content, while becoming an elaborate reconstruction of things past—a colorful and at times brilliant patchwork, so ingeniously and harmoniously put together that one hardly notices the maker's stitches, and is more aware of the prevailing uniformity of mood and tone than of technique. Mr. Wilson is by all odds the most serious, most penetrating, most resourceful, and most robust of the three living critics in our group; he is an investigator who seeks neither comfort nor refuge in easy generalizations, and he is at his best when dealing determinedly with complex and self-contradictory subjects. Walter Pater, finally, was a connoisseur and collector, whose art of living consisted in exposing himself to as many manifestations of beauty as possible, who colored the objects of his passionate contemplation with the hues of his own nature and imagination, and whose experience of beauty begat new beauties, as these experiences were lovingly recorded and related in studied, luminous, and polished prose.

In addition to his reflections on literary figures of the futilitarian Twenties and the socially-minded Thirties, upon Mandarin prose, poetry, realism, and popular style, Mr. Connolly writes the story of his school days, an intimate story which we may value for what it tells us of the author of "The Unquiet Grave" and "The Condemned Playground," but which is embarrassing in some of its confessional moments. Mr. Brooks's studies of periods and individuals are augmented by "Notes from a Journal," which open windows into the author's mind and contain such sage reflections as: "A writer is important not by the amount of territory he enters or claims, but by the amount he colonizes. Tolstoy and Balzac fill all the space they occupy. They do not merely lie, like Milton's Satan, full many a rood prone on the flood." Mr. Wilson's papers—illuminatingly concerned with such subjects as the ambiguities of Henry James, A. E. Housman's Latin scholarship, John Jay Chapman's life and letters, Bernard Shaw's tangled skein of ideas and qualities, Ben Jonson's comedies, Pushkin, and the nature of poetry—are enriched by two items of a different sort: a most amusing account of a visit to Paul Elmer More, and a memoir of a school teacher, Mr. Rolfe, which is, delightfully, a model of its kind. And Pater's "Selected Works" give us not only the essayist of "Appreciations," "The Renaissance," and "Imaginary Portraits," but also, in full panoply, the author of "Marius"—that unique prose fiction which George Moore once paid a dubious compliment by declaring that in it the English language lay in state.

Criticism of another variety will be found in "America in Perspective" (Pelican Mentor, 35¢), in which Henry Steele Commager has collected foreign views of the United States, from those of Crèvecoeur and Tocqueville down to Roussy de Sales' and Denis W. Brogan's. And a peculiarly American phenomenon—the "criminal" law firm of Howe & Hummel—is entertainingly preserved in memory by Richard H. Rovere's "The Magnificent Shysters" (Grosset, $1) . . . "The Comedies of William Congreve," "Tristram Shandy," Disraeli's "Coningsby," and Nimrod's "Life of a Sportsman" (an old favorite of mine) are all sound additions to John Lehman's Chiltern Library.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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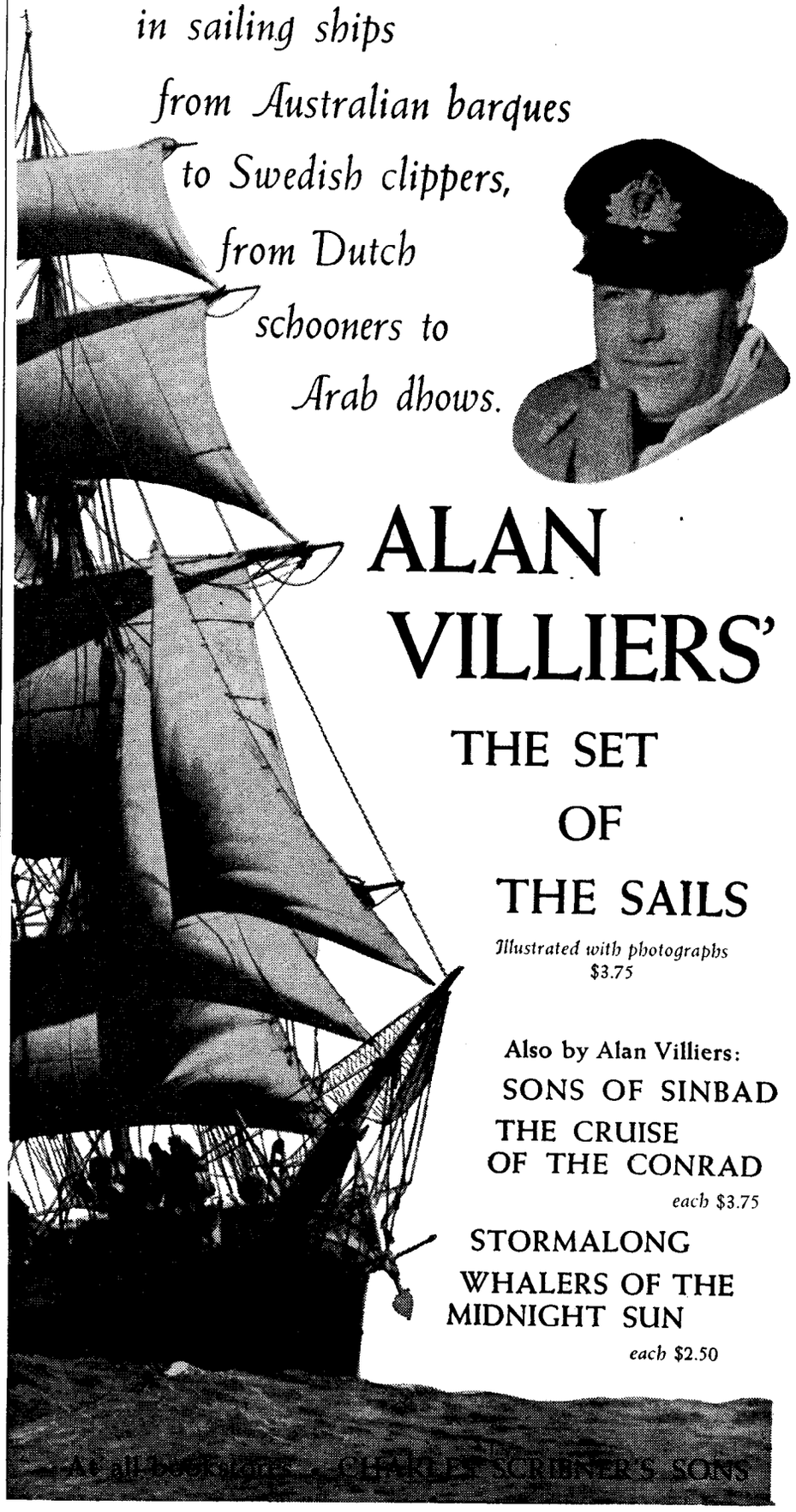
(Continued from page 17)

took years to work through the comparative safety of adolescence, and only showed the beginning of emotional maturity in that fragment of "Weir of Hermiston," in which a young man who has openly defied his father falls in love with a woman whom he knows that his father would forbid him. At which point Stevenson died.

With Samuel Butler we find ourselves in the midst of bristling oddities and ambiguities; confronted by a character complex enough to reward the best efforts of peering curiosity. Mr. Cole gives a good account of himself in his investigation of the strange duck who was known to his contemporaries as "'Erewhon' Butler, a curious, cranky writer who had produced, besides his successful satire, a strangely mixed collection of books, in which he almost always appeared to be saying something wilfully perverse." And that was just what he was doing, as often as not, for his whole thinking, writing life was an ever-widening revolt against authority of all kinds; a revolt founded on resentment against the paternal authority which had once, among other things, gulled him in the matter of revealed religion. But Mr. Cole makes a good point when he insists that the rebel against so many Victorian institutions himself remained a Victorian to the last, and another when he draws attention to the fact that the roaring lion of the written word was a hare in action. Indeed, generally speaking, it is hard to see how Mr. Cole could have done a better job, in so few pages, of analyzing Butler's difficult character, explaining the interrelationship of his life and work.

Mr. Cole's book is a guide that can be trusted by any reader. Mr. Furbank's book, on the other hand, is for readers who know Butler well, who can bring the weight of their own knowledge to bear on the critic's ideas and assertions. It offers many valuable insights—as when Mr. Furbank declares that "it is the whole *nature* of Butler's theories which takes them out of competition with the theories which they are intended to oppose."

However the sum of Mr. Furbank's study remains, for me at least, both muddled and obscure. Nor am I even sure of his intentions. He sets up as a champion of Butler against his detractors, but his performance makes one ask who will defend Butler against his defender. And, among other uncertainties, the reader is left wondering just how much Mr. Furbank means to imply by his final juxtaposition of Butler and Wilde.



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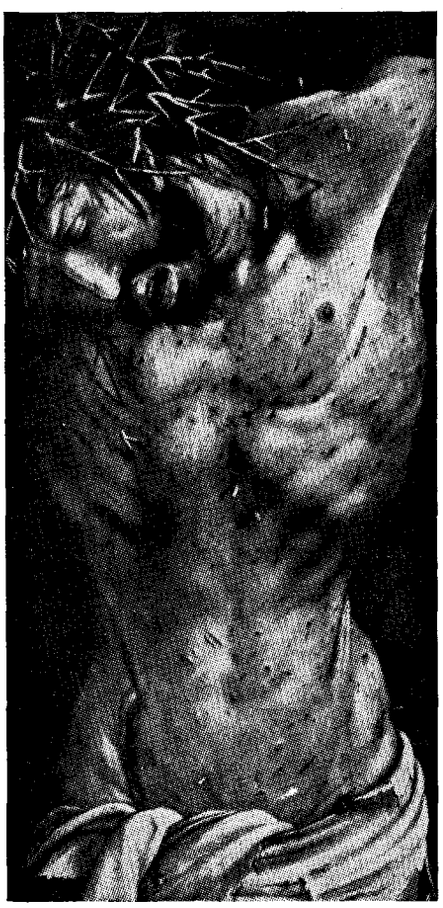
THE FINE ARTS

GRUENEWALD AND THE MODERNS

ONE of the most emphatic charges now brought against modern artists is that they ignore the pictorial traditions of the far past. In fact we are urged to believe that contemporary painters are stuck on a merry-go-round, Cézanne its starter and Picasso the brass ring, good for another ride on the same monotonous circuit. Perhaps the charge is true of a few neophytes who rush from art school to the 57th Street midway, over-rehearsed and emotionally unprepared for revolutionary techniques. With dedicated professional artists, however, the case is different, and I cannot think of a single important figure of whom the accusation is just. Of course, there are many painters of settled vision who no longer look at their predecessors' work, but go their own way, self-nourished. There are many more who are periodically strengthened by past accomplishments in their medium. The theory that these men spend all their time examining contemporary art is false. Nor do they concentrate on post-impressionist developments, as sometimes claimed. At the Metropolitan Museum or the Louvre, one is as likely to find them standing before a Dosso Dossi or a Cranach as before a Renoir. The Metropolitan itself could prove modern artists' catholicity of taste if it would hold an exhibition of contemporary pictures showing the specific influence of the Museum's resources—the Max Weber canvas of a lecture he heard there on Giotto, for example, or Peter Blume's "Light of the World," in which appear the Metropolitan's models of Notre Dame cathedral and of the machine used to erect "Cleopatra's Needle" in Central Park. By means of such an exhibition the Museum could display the past not as a bulwark against the present, but as the latter's source of momentum. It could, but will it?

I was thinking about this matter the other day while reading one of H. Bittner & Company's distinguished publications—Gruenewald's "Drawings."* For Gruenewald is a case in point. It might be assumed that he would have had little effect on modern painting. His masterpiece, the Isenheim Altar, which was commissioned in 1508-09, is at Colmar, an Alsatian town seldom visited by tourists. Moreover, even among art historians Gruenewald until quite lately was held in secondary esteem compared to his Italian contemporaries of the early sixteenth century or to his countryman and acquaintance Albrecht Duerer. Yet somehow over the past thirty years Gruenewald has come to assume for a number of living painters the sort of importance accorded to El Greco earlier in our century. Around 1920 he began to be revered by his heirs in modern Germany, especially Otto Dix and the other mordant realists of the "New Objectivity." More recently his influence has spread to other lands, and may now be felt in the capitals of the Western world.

Let me cite a few examples. In 1932 Picasso completed a group of drawings based on Gruenewald's "Crucifixion," the central theme of the Isenheim Altar (see cut). Very probably this was the starting point for an upsurge of interest in the German master among modern painters outside his native land. Picasso's enthusiasm must have been highly infectious, not only because of his commanding position, but because his taste for Gruenewald's emotional violence contrasted severely with his earlier predilection, as an abstractionist, for such masters of formal calculation as Ingres, Seurat, and Cézanne. At any rate, Gruenewald's influence has grown rapidly since the Picasso drawings appeared. In England the impact of the Isenheim "Crucifixion" is evident in Graham Sutherland's recent painting of the same subject for the Church of St. Matthew in the Midlands; it is traceable as well in a remarkable series of pictures, collectively entitled "The Man at the Microphones," by Francis Bacon—one of the most vigorous personalities of postwar European painting. In New York a few years ago the young Chilean-American painter Matta Echaurren made major changes in his style after studying the turning, twisting forms of the hands in the Isenheim figures of the Virgin and saints. At roughly the same date German-born Max Ernst, now an American citizen, won a film producer's competition for a painting on the "Temptation of St. Anthony" theme; his prize-winning entry is related to Gruenewald's image of St. Anthony tortured by evil spirits.



—*From Gruenewald's "Drawings."*

"Crucifixion."

What is perhaps most astonishing about the rise of Gruenewald's influence among modern painters is that to this day only a few of the latter can have seen the original Altar at Colmar; I would guess that Max Ernst alone of the artists just mentioned may possibly have done so. For a long time, however, a number of magnificent photographs of the Isenheim Altar were on view in the window of a bookshop near the Left Bank cafe Deux Magots, where many of the leading painters of the interwar era assembled each afternoon. In 1936 these or comparable photographs were published in a folio by *Cahiers d'Art*, a magazine whose activities were followed closely by advanced artists. Thus after an interval of 400 years a masterwork reached a new and powerful audience through a window display or through a book of plates; in either case through reproductions.

SUCH a process of semination must seem odd if not heretical to art historians, since for them a study of original materials is an essential of research and understanding. Yet what counts among painters is the ability to make creative rather than exact

**THE DRAWINGS OF MATHIS GOTHART NITHART CALLED GRUENEWALD. Edited, with critical notes, by Guido Schoenberger. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 1948 64 pp. $12.50.*

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use of a given source, and art's line of succession is far less likely to be assured by a *pompier's* first-hand sketches than by a postcard in the hands of a man of great talent. Time after time artists have picked up and revitalized an earlier style from indirect evidence. Indeed, it was probably no more important, in terms of contemporary achievement, that Picasso should journey to Colmar than that he should have walked past Bulloz's bookshop on his way to the Deux Magots for an evening vermouth. Certainly art history is as often engendered by casual encounters as by formal introductions. The latter are usually recorded, and become part of our historical capital; the former tend to be spent at once out of memory's pocket, and for that reason justify a detailed *contemporaneous* accounting of art's progress.

But what in particular attracts modern painters to Gruenewald? The question requires not one answer but many. To men like Picasso, Sutherland, and Bacon, the German master's rarest accomplishment is surely his use of expressive distortion, his ability to abstract conventional form in the interests of a powerful emotional content, notably in the taut arms and slumped head of the "Crucifixion." But other living artists would judge Gruenewald even now in Otto Dix's light—as a fanatical realist whose ruthlessness of detail is almost without equal in the history of art. The modern surrealists, for their part, have admired the master's fantasy: fantasy of form, as in the intertwined fingers that caught Matta Echaurren's attention; fantasy of accessories, so evident in Gruenewald's painted High Gothic ornament; a purely chimerical fantasy, as in the beasties and atmospheric setting of the St. Anthony panel, cherished by Max Ernst. In short, Gruenewald belongs in the company of absolute masters whose art is rich in seemingly disparate implications, annealed into a unified style by the creator himself, and pointing the way to later painters of divergent tendencies.

Gruenewald's message is by no means exhausted, and future generations will probably find in him virtues beyond those now recognized. His color, for instance, is lost in the black and white reproductions that have extended his fame, and is pitiably weakened in color plates. Yet he was first and foremost a colorist. Dr. Schoenberger makes a special point of this fact in his "Gruenewald's Drawings," and his discussion of the master's use of tonal as opposed to linear definition is sensitive and just. Unlike Duerer, who "would always prefer the line as essential means to build up form," Gruenewald worked as a painter even in his drawings, preferring internal values of shade and weight to Duerer's glacial contours. He thought as a painter and as nothing else, even if at various times he tried his hand at other enterprises, including the design of a chimney and a fountain, neither of which proved workable. As Dr. Schoenberger declares of the master:

> Only in his workshop was he really himself. He never had a school, he never had a real pupil; it even seems that he never had an assistant. Nobody touched his panels but Mathis, the painter. He is the most exclusive painter we know. Sculpture of his period shows his influence, but no sculptural work can be ascribed to him personally. He never did woodcuts or engravings. He probably hated any kind of reproduction. And he did not want to be restricted to the effect of black and white alone.

If it is mainly through black and white reproductions that Gruenewald is now known, his mounting fame will undoubtedly attract more and more visitors to Colmar itself. Today's painters have helped lead the way to him, though to do so has meant a long, long detour from the Cézanne-to-Modern-Art parkway, which its detractors claim has no possible exit before reaching a dead end.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Seeing Things

J. M. BARRIE AS DRAMATIST

THIS column is taken over this week by Harold Child. Not with his consent exactly, since this distinguished English critic died in November 1945, but with the kind permission of his publishers. Recently the Cambridge University Press has issued in England, under the title of "Essays and Reflections,"* a selection of Child's varied and brilliant contributions to the London *Times* and the *Literary Supplement*. The volume, imported in this country by the Macmillan Company, is a charming one. It is cultivated, felicitous, quiet-voiced, and perceptive in the best—indeed, the great—tradition of English essay writing.

Child's papers on Ben Jonson, Yeats, Walter de la Mare, Leigh Hunt, Trollope, Stevenson, Congreve, Dekker, or Barrie prove on page after page how exceptional was this critic, unfortunately so little known here. Instead of being notices, his reviews of books are self-reliant essays. Like Dr. Johnson and Shaw before him, Child saw no reason why good journalism and good literature could not be one and the same thing. In his hands they became identical.

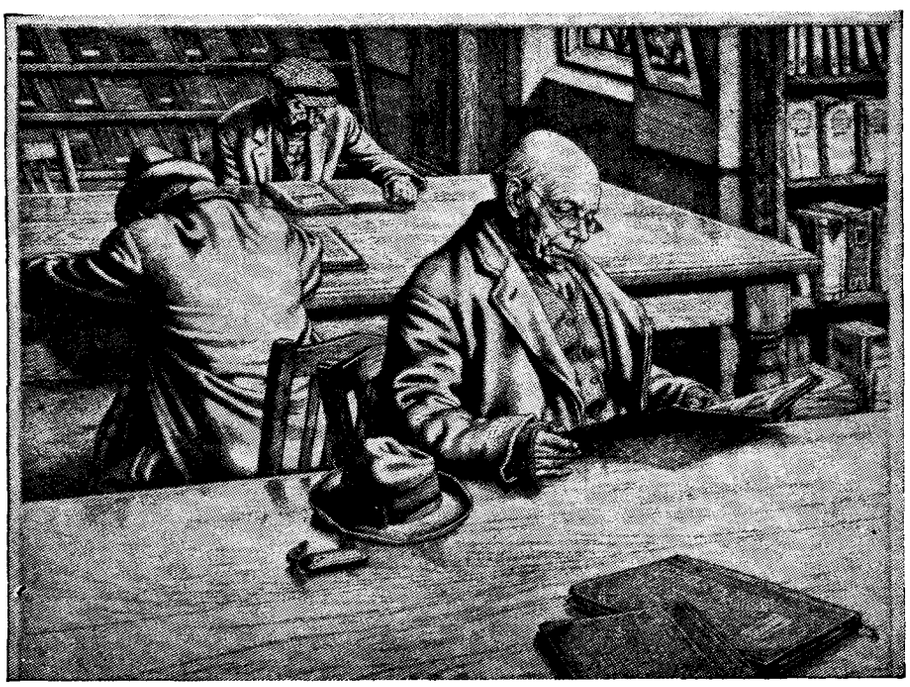
Harold Child was born in 1869. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. For two years he was an actor, an experience which aided him greatly when, as A. B. Walkley's lieutenant, he covered the theatre for the *Times*, and when from 1912-20 he was dramatic critic of the *Observer*. His gifts were almost as many as his interests. In his time he wrote short stories, poetry, and "leaders," and tried his hand at the novel. He was a scholar and an accomplished essayist whose work for the *Times Literary Supplement* consumed most of his writing energy. It was for this that he wrote in 1942 the appraisal of Barrie herewith reprinted. Child was well aware, as many critics are not, that "to blame a man for not doing what he never meant to do is a vice which criticism shows small sign of outgrowing." That he, as a critic, did not surrender to this vice is abundantly clear in his estimate of Barrie. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

* * *

NO reader of Professor Dover Wilson's "What Happens in 'Hamlet'" but must wish that the practice of printing plays had not led on inevitably to the practice of reading plays and to the still sadder practice of thinking about plays. Shakespeare —for the most part a single-minded man—took full advantage of the ephemeral nature of the acted drama. To any single scene the audience is bound to play Bernardo, Horatio, and Marcellus to the Ghost—"'Tis here! 'Tis here! 'Tis gone"; or, in more modern terms, "That's the Ghost, that was!" There is no looking before and after, turning back a few pages to find a discrepancy or forward to see whether the author will remember what he has shown or told us. The coherence and the singleness of more than one play by Shakespeare depend on his ability to prevent our thinking it over while we are looking and listening.

That being so with Shakespeare, how should it not be much more so with Barrie, who was no single-minded man, who lived, indeed, constantly in one or other of at least two worlds, and whose mission as dramatist was to bring them both, or all, together without our catching him at it? The publication of this new definitive edition of his plays* gives a good opportunity of seeing how impossible it is, printed play in hand, not to catch him at it, and not to be lured from the enjoyment of his dramatic genius and art into gropings after the secrets of his private mind. Mr. A. E. Wilson has left out no piece by Barrie which can help to the understanding and enjoyment of his drama. Mature playgoers may wish that they could freshen their memories of some few—"La Politesse," for instance, and "Josephine," and "Punch," and even "Rosy Rapture"; and in the very act of wishing may bless Mr. Wilson for saving them from almost certain disappointment. But he starts with "Walker, London"; he gives "The Wedding Guest" as well as "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Little Minister," and he stoops even to "Little Mary" and "Old Friends." He has left out nothing, that is, that can help the reader to watch the advance of Barrie the craftsman, the playwright, as well as the very irregular development of Barrie the dramatist from the story of Gavin Dishart to the story of David.

The skill of the craftsman is plain already in "Walker, London": the sub-human trivialities of the farce are so trickily handled as to prove that, if Barrie had not been bothered with a mystical mind and a different temper and a ruthless ambition, he could have been the greatest writer of "well made" plays ever known. From the very first, he could think his stories in terms of the theatre; and without assiduous cultivation of



"The Reading Room," by Stanley Anderson.

*ESSAYS AND REFLECTIONS. By Harold Child. Selected and introduced with a memoir of the author by S. C. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press). 1948. 185 pp. $2.50.

*THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE. Edited by A. E. Wilson. Hodder & Stoughton.

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that gift he would never have accomplished certain masterpieces of theatrical effect—the cooking-pot at the end of Act II of "Crichton" and the boom of the gun during the dance in Act III (those were Walkley's selections for first prize), the opening scenes of "What Every Woman Knows" and of "Dear Brutus," hard to equal for rousing curiosity, the disappearance of Mary Rose on the island in the second act, and (perhaps most skilful of all) the first entrance—"Mother, I have killed a lion!"—of the Boy David. Much more than craftsmanship went to the making of that last effect, and, indeed, of some of the others; but only a consummately "theatre-minded" master of his medium could have brought them off. . . .

Barrie's love of theatrical detail and process was rather like Kipling's love of tools and ships and motor-cars and machinery. This boyishness in Kipling led him on to venerate good craftsmanship and to abhor slick and sloppy work. How far, if at all, it tied him down or blinded him to other things that make up human life is not our concern here. Barrie's boyishness, his love of playing with the theatre, is, perhaps, the cardinal fact. Here was a world that he could play with, a world that looked as if it was ready to acknowledge him as its master and to obey his orders. How large and exciting and infinitely various a toy for a boy to play with! A live dog, with a will of its own, or a mechanical railway, which depends upon rails, could never be either so obedient or so constantly new. It was a thousand pities that he could not play with the theatre without having to grapple with what the theatre is there to reflect, or expound, or, in its own way, to play with—obstinate stuff called reality, which often refuses to obey and sometimes makes the playing boy look rather silly. On the first production of "The Admirable Crichton" (Barrie was already a man of over forty), Walkley wrote: "Mr. Barrie not only has ideas, but he can *play* with them. Never, we surmise, has this philosophy of the 'return to nature' been so pleasantly, so fancifully, so frolicsomely expounded."

Among the ideas which Barrie had and succeeded in playing with, a few are fixed ideas, instructive, no doubt, in the study of his make-up, but merely obedient and useful in his drama. There is the brave woman idea (Moira Loney, Maggie Wylie, Cinderella, Mrs. Dowey and many another), though, indeed, this is involved in an almost Strindbergian mixture of morbid adoration and morbid fear of women. There is the father-and-son awkwardness (in

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"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," "Little Mary," "The New World," "A Well-Remembered Voice"). There is baby-worship, *passim*. With those three ideas Barrie could play as he pleased. He liked to see himself playing with ideas, even to show himself playing with ideas. He is Lob, little Lob, the master of the house, in "Dear Brutus," and Sam Smith, little old Sam Smith, the master of the house, in "Shall We Join the Ladies?" And he is Peter Pan, little Peter Pan, the master in the Never Land and in the Tree-Tops. And nearly always, as Walkley said, he plays with his ideas pleasantly, fancifully, frolicsomely. If only we could see and hear each play while it is being acted before us, and never remember a word nor a sight in any one of them, how masterfully, eternally, incomparably charming would be the drama of J. M. Barrie!

But the very feeblest memory must retain some of those momentarily enchanting words and movements; and nearly all his plays are printed in this and other books, and we poor human beings look before and after and pine for an innocence that is not. A worse trouble is that Barrie himself knew that reality was not, like the theatre, a pretty toy for a child to play with. Child-worship is a very different matter from baby-worship; and, if your ideal life is the child-life and your perfect wisdom the intuitive wisdom of childhood, ideas are likely to resent being played with, as islands may resent being visited.

Barrie, it has been said, was too much diverted from the substance of a play to the manner. He would play with an idea; and, when he had done playing, it would suddenly be seen in its proper nature, like a snake-charmer's snake with its fangs undrawn, and the snake-charmer's face twisted in a mocking grin. Dear little Lob with his flowers and his pretty ways —what is he (when the play is over and we are out in the dark again) but a cruel little fiend, luring poor fools on to see themselves as they are and as they are doomed to go on being? What happens in the end to that idea of the return to nature which has been so pleasantly, so fancifully, so frolicsomely expounded? We may smile at the solemn critic who recently asked what chance there was for democracy and so forth on that unhappy island "where women appear to enjoy their own subservience." It sounds comic; but perhaps it is serio-comic. The whole pretty thing breaks in pieces when nature falls on its knees before convention, and strength out of its noble obligation to weakness, commits suicide, and a woman denies her love. Little Sam Smith, who entertains at dinner all the possible murderers of his brother, may sit "beaming on his guests, like an elderly cupid"; if he did not gloat over torturing his victims, he would have "called in the Yard" like any other decent fellow in a murder yarn. We know, too, what happened to Peter Pan when the world refused to go on being his toy. "If he could get the hang of the thing right"—but he cannot. He can only "shrink up from existence," forget the lost boys, forget Jas. Hook, forget Tinker Bell, forget even Wendy, and be alone with himself.

All this is mighty solemn. There would be no need for a word of it if plays only existed while they were being performed. But the printed book whips up the trouble begun by memory and thought. It shows that Barrie himself was bothered by the stubbornness of ideas that declined to wear the pretty clothes he arranged upon their ungainly or repulsive forms, putting, as someone phrased it, a wreath of roses ("such a pretty wreath!" as Barrie would have said) on a skull. He was sometimes in two minds himself whether the pretty clothes or the idea were what he really wanted to show us. . . .

The difference is just the difference between smiles and tears, between gladness and a heartache—no great matter, perhaps, for serious and practical people to worry about when the lovers are both creatures of playful, unworldly fantasy. True, one must be hopelessly serious and practical not to feel that it matters intensely whether the pair, even in the book and much, much more on the stage in human form, are to be happy or not. But it is not a difficulty of the utmost urgency and moment to all serious and practical people like the end of "Dear Brutus." Here Barrie did the opposite of what he had done in "A Kiss for Cinderella." The question is: can any of us take advantage of a second chance, or are we all doomed to follow to the end that wrong turning? Does Lob's experiment ever have any permanent effect? One of the subjects of it asks the question of the man most likely to know; and his answer is: "So far as I know, not often, miss; but, I believe, once in a while." And a stage-direction follows: "There is hope in this for the brave ones. If we could wait long enough we might see the Dearths breasting their way into the light."

Stage-directions are not read out in the theatre. What the theatre has told us and shown us in word and in action is that Dearth's entrancing friend and daughter was only a dream, and that when he found that out his hand immediately began to shake again and the watery eye of the drunkard came back. If Barrie had had anything near to a conviction that reformation was not denied us, that even only once in a while a second chance could be taken and held, he would have made that faith clear through some stronger evidence than Dearth's sporting word of gratitude to Lob for the hour of delusive happiness. In the event he hedges. He leaves us, in the book, compelled to conclude (and how one hates having to find fault with Lob, or with Peter!) that he funked at the last minute. He had been so busy with the manner of his play that he was diverted from the substance. It was not till he had got the rose-wreath in place that he saw how hideous was the grimace of the grinning skull. He had been playing pleasantly, fancifully, frolicsomely, with humanity's despair.

That, as we see his drama in its successive growth, was the last time that he was afraid. He could never give up playing; and all that is so ingeniously and so inimitably his own in fancy and frolic was not his to use or throw away at will. It was his essential medium of expression. But between the way he uses it in "Dear Brutus" and the way he uses it in

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"Mary Rose" there is the difference between running away from reality and proclaiming that fancy and frolic could be as real as terrible matter-of-fact. Barrie's mastery of dramatic art was once, but only once, more finely revealed than in the matter, as well as the manner, of the disappearance of Mary Rose. He is no longer afraid to say that life can be dreadful. With true artistic instinct, he chose a supernatural agency—in itself, no doubt, neither good nor evil—for the ruin of one innocent and lovely life, and the infliction on other lives of much undeserved misery and fear. From "Thomas of Erceldoune" and other old legends he drew magical beauty; and the more beautiful he made the strangeness, the more horrible became the suffering from which not even death could set the unoffending victim free.

MARY ROSE, very probably, was a projection of Barrie; the island was the life of play; the plain world of the manor-house and of marriage (we have to allow the author his indispensable measure of baby-worship) is obstinate reality. But that is by the way. In "Mary Rose" for the first time Barrie is brave enough to be honest. Reality can be horrible; but it shall not be pushed out of the way, as it had been when he concocted the artful sugar-cakes of "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Little Minister," nor shall there be any pretense that the rose-wreath is adorning a head with life and hope in it. At last he has looked straight at reality and learned that he can make beauty of it—a heart-breaking beauty more poignant and more purifying than any of his renowned "pathos."

There was one more step forward to take; and he took it. He wrote "The Boy David." What Mr. Granville-Barker has written about that play in his introduction to the separate edition of it (Peter Davies, 1938) will have comforted and enlightened a great many admirers of Barrie, who doubted whether he could have been such a fool as report declared to challenge the Bible story, or his play such a dismal mock-fantasy as it was made out to be. Barrie's chivalrous patience during the years between the writing of the play and its production makes one of the most grateful passages in Mr. Mackail's biography; and there can be no harm in thinking that he was the less worried by the delay and damped by the disappointment because he knew that this was a work of genius that could afford to be heedless of the present.

All his life he had been inspired—inspired with magic and mystery that may have been as much national as

personal, and with a (truly poetical) power of association that was all his own and not to be compassed by taking thought. A higher kind of inspiration fills "The Boy David" with unearthly beauty. At the very end of his career he found out what it was that he had been groping after in Peter Pan. It was not the domination of reality by play; the making the world his toy, to be treated with kindly contempt, as by Peter, or cruelly, as by Lob, but always to be dominated. "Wendy, I've killed a pirate!" cries the boy Michael. "Mother, I have killed a lion!" cries the Boy David. They are both children; but one is childishness as distinct from manhood, the other is the childhood at the core of all humanity: "Other One, David is in darkness. Will you not tell me what to do? (*Appealing*) Other One?" He goes off with his toys—his sling and his harp. He is still a child, and on occasion as boastful as ever was Peter Pan with his cockcrow. But here is "the intuitive wisdom of childlike humanity" aware of that Other One; and towards that integration of God and man Barrie, we may believe, had been groping all his life. The technical faults in the play are pretty clear to all; the technical beauties of it will be clearer still to those who read Mr. Granville-Barker. Time and thought, we believe, will exalt this play to its proper place as the supreme achievement of Barrie's genius.

—HAROLD CHILD.

How to Unravel a Double-Crostic

(By an Inveterate DCer)

FIRST, get a table clear and spacious.
Next, concentrate with mind sagacious.
A pencil sharpened for occasion,
And tipped to aid mistakes' abrasion.
Then, Webster's I., your right projecting;
Left, Gayley, for old myths detecting.
A reference book on literati;
The Bible have semper parati,
Compendium of music masters,
Battles, treaties, and disasters.
Near by on floor a Rand-McNally,
A bottle (Rye or Scotch) for rally.
Then search for proper names or places,
For titles, goddesses, or graces.
Each letter in appropriate setting,
You must be right and forward-getting.
Next tackle compound words and phrases;
A shaping word will meet your gazes.
Fill articles and conjunctions,—
They have their useful place and functions.
The definitions thus take vision
And quickly lead to a decision.
Soon Hindu terms, recondite Persian,
Become a pleasure and diversion;
Colloquial, slang, and words fantastic
Are fitted in with ease elastic.
The author's name grows clear and clearer;
Solution of the title's nearer;
Until at length with glee quite ghoulish
(You wonder you could be so foolish)
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THE HOSTILE NECESSITY

(Continued from page 10)

drafts to help him in his own writing; he returned the manuscript quickly but I have hardly heard from him since. A little later I was forced to go through one of these original drafts in order to verify the sources of quotations I had used. The sources were listed there, but it was easier, or at least lots more pleasant, to search through the pages of the published books from which the quotations had been taken. I hesitate to add that I have three or four drafts of each essay or chapter that I have written, and that all of them run to about twice the length of the finished piece. But it is impossible for me really to cut and revise an essay, to see it from the *outside*, until I have been away from it for half a year or so, and have done something else meanwhile; and I have left out the final process of revision, which is simply working over the final draft in terms of lesser elements of style—usually such words as "in," "of," "but," "and," "nevertheless," "however," "too," "also," "about," "with," "among"—until the book has been published.

During the course of these remarks, I have been aware of the critics who remarked that Thomas Wolfe's "Story of a Novel," for instance, was not a statement of how he wrote his books but a confession of his inability to write them. Well, perhaps so; nevertheless they were written. I am sure that other writers can do better than I have done, too, but the value of a series of articles such as these must be in their description of methods of writing as they operate in each case, the way things really are. I remember Melville's account, both in his letters and in "Pierre," of feeling like a moose, hamstrung, while writing "Moby Dick," of those deadly feelings of faintness, of writing blindly with his eyes turned away from the paper, thus unconsciously symbolizing the "hostile necessity," being a states-prisoner of letters. Even H. L. Mencken himself, in a weak moment, admitted the anguish of that point when the brain, as it were, "stands to one side and watches itself pitching and tossing, full of agony but essentially helpless," and when the writer, sitting there in his lonely room, "gnawing the handle of his pen,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CARELESS MRS. CHRISTIAN *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Death of jewel-bearing matron (with checkered past) in quiet Midwestern town propounds neat problem for police chief and helpful kin.	Homespun wit and acumen of Homer Fitzgerald and his pert but perspicacious nephew keep sinuously plotted yarn twisting rapidly.	Enjoyable
MISS SILVER COMES TO STAY *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Head smashing of wealthy and arrogant Britisher and subsequent "suicide" of possible witness effectively handled—between stitches—by Miss Maud Silver.	Rather more romantic than most earlier Silvers but characters are pleasant, police deferential, and plot comes to slow but effective boil.	Standard brand
THE BLUE RIBBON *William Irish* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Seven long-shorts—youngest of them nine years old—ranging from grim to hilarious and all with typical Irish touch.	Plentiful excitement, some new plot twists, ample terror and variety of well-limned Manhattan backgrounds—including terrifying subway tale.	Expert and exciting
THE JUDAS CAT *Dorothy Salisbury Davis* (Scribner's: $2.50)	Most Midwestern town authorities satisfied that cat scratches induced nonagenarian's demise. But serious doubts of overridden police chief reopen strange case.	Heftily plotted opus with roots sinking deep into pasts of numerous ably delineated characters who furnish plentiful action and stirring finish.	Above average

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racked by his infernal quest, horribly bedeviled by incessant flashes of itching, toothache, eye-strain and evil conscience," makes atonement for the crime of being intelligent. I wish somebody would show me how to write more easily, instead of pointing out what still remains to be done.

FOR it would be pleasant to conclude with the statement that at least I can now read what I have already published without pain. I wish I could. I hope, however, when my series of books on the American novelists from 1860 to 1940 has been finished, to be able to return to each of the volumes and make them better. And perhaps this is the moment to mention that I am a literary critic of the historical school. As it happens, I am interested in our social patterns, and especially in what has happened to the national character during the last fifty years of industrial concentration and monopoly capitalism. I am engaged in a project which is trying to evaluate the kind of life we have lived in the past though the work of major figures in our literature: a literary record which may turn out to be either a tribute to our hopes or an epitaph of our decline.

For I agree that a work of art is a separate identity, a particular and unique crystalization of experience achieved through a specific technique. But I see a supplementary, not a contradictory meaning in the fact that it is also the expression of a personality and the highest product of an environment. The real point of a work of art is indeed that it fuses and resolves all the forces around it, personal and general, into a unified experience. If a critic simply concerns himself with *how* this experience is transmuted into literature—the technical methods—he omits two-thirds of his proper subject matter, or of the work of art itself. Very likely, art is "artistocratic" in essence, that is to say, the record of special temperaments, or an aristocracy of talent. But it is ridiculous to confuse this with an aristocracy of social class. For the personality of the artist has always at its highest pitch represented a fusion of the common elements of the human race at a specific time: it is just this mixture, this opposition of elements, that makes a literary work complex and interesting.

Unfortunately, too, very few writers turn out a succession of masterpieces, while even their poorest works can give us useful information about themselves, their period, and people, as well as their art. The body of literature by our leading novelists from the beginnings to the present time forms a personal and intimate diary of the American mind during this period that we can find almost nowhere else. Perhaps the native novelist is not the *only* expert who is qualified to examine the souls and life of a people. But at least, as Mark Twain said, he does not try to generalize the nation:

> No, he lays plainly before you the ways and speech and life of a few people grouped in a certain place—his own place—and that is one book. In time he and his brethren will report to you the life and the people of the whole nation . . . . And when a thousand able novels have been written, there you will have the soul of the people, the life of the people, the speech of the people; and not anywhere else can these be had.

To get at the essence of a "thousand able novels," as well as the unusual novels, to preserve this material for common knowledge and illuminate it for the common good: that still seems to me a useful and appropriate function for one kind of literary critic today.

What had he come back to find?

- *The owner of the "Titian"?*
- *The woman who had loved him?*
- *Or, the man who betrayed him?*

➡ At first Webb thought he had returned to the silent villa to trace the mysterious owner of a rare painting. But that had only been an excuse. He had come back in search of three other things: a traitor who had almost cost him his life, the girl with whom he had fallen wildly in love, and the man he once had been. He found them all again, on a little island in a blue Italian lake.

For sheer excitement, no one can top the novels of Martha Albrand. For sheer excitement, *After Midnight* tops even her previous romantic thrillers, *No Surrender* and *Without Orders*. For sheer excitement, go to your nearest bookstore and ask for *After Midnight*. $2.75

AFTER MIDNIGHT

THE STORY OF A THRILLING SEARCH

by **MARTHA ALBRAND**

Author of NO SURRENDER

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE,** *NEW YORK*

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FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

stricken, submerged existence, without any condescending or slumming. At the same time some of the most helpless people of the slums begin to measure their own lives against the standards of the elite. The results is a Tolstoyan drama, a leveling of values in which the sum total of humanity in the most degraded of beings somehow equals the total of the most cultured and sensitive. The democracy that such a story demonstrates is something beyond mere political or philosophical equality. It is a democracy of the spirit, and Mr. Hutchinson's story somehow plumbs the depths of that Christian concept without for a moment indulging in moral abstractions or evangelism of any sort. His is a story-teller's art, a poet's message, a dramatist's gift.

We come to know the daughter of a bourgeois London family, a clan which has had a few rebellious members concerned with social reform and worthy causes, but essentially a rigidly Victorian group of pampered eccentrics. It is not surprising that the daughter, Amorel Cepinnier, lovely and highly bred, should take a sudden interest in a burly, quite tough young man who is arrested for attacking a policeman during a brawl. The girl attends his trial and after he is convicted feels that she must obtain his freedom and right an injustice.

After the man, Gian Ardree, is released from prison, Amorel's valiant efforts on his behalf continue. And so skilful is Mr. Hutchinson's writing that we begin to suspect motives of which Amorel herself is unaware. It begins to be clear that she is in love with Gian.

The lurid events that lead to the marriage of Amorel and Gian are apt to test a reader's credulity. The silent, brutal, inarticulate Gian and the exquisite Amorel dedicated to the resuscitation of his life—what a feat it is for Mr. Hutchinson to accomplish that union so that its very strangeness contains an undeniable fascination!

A thesis novelist would have reduced the problems in Amorel's personality to a neat psychiatric case study. The answers in Mr. Hutchinson's novel are not easy and never neat. They involve scores of characters —effete and introverted intellectuals, Hogarthian giants and sniveling dwarfs of the slums, romantic young people caught in the web of their parents' confused lives.

Some readers will feel that Mr. Hutchinson's ingenious devices for maintaining psychological suspense in this story of crime and punishment are too cleverly sustained and unworthy of a novel of this stature. Some readers may become impatient with the thoroughness of the author's discursive explorations of many lives and many creeds while the developments of the main story are suspended. These are matters for debate. The incontrovertible fact is, however, that Mr. Hutchinson's career as one of the most gifted of English novelists has flowered into a brilliant performance in "Elephant and Castle."

Good People and Bad

FOR US THE LIVING. By Haakon Chevalier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 400 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

HAAKON CHEVALIER, who feels deeply, passionately, and consistently about social issues, has brought them into uncompromising focus in his first novel, a novel which, if it is notable for its idealism, is also marred by its fervor. Mr. Chevalier writes from a Marxist point of view, which is his privilege, if a somewhat precarious one in these times, and I have neither the intent nor desire to persuade him to dilute his doctrines. I am concerned here only with their effect upon his novel, which, it truly seems to me, would not have lost, but greatly gained power and impact if it could have been imbued with less evangelism and more objectivity. I am told that Mr. Chevalier had originally planned to extend the panorama of his story to include many more aspects of the social struggle in this country between the years 1929 and 1941, but, for reasons which are irrelevant here, he decided to reduce it to its present form, which is, to describe it very loosely, a murder mystery with reverberations. This is an interesting and dramatic device in itself, and he has manipulated it with considerable skill, keeping generally a firm control of a mass of material while making the most of the generous limitations offered by the device.

"For Us the Living" begins on a day in August 1929, when Steve Callahan, the blustering, arrogant manager of a great fruit ranch, is found dead in a San Francisco hotel, a bottle of whiskey containing aconite at his side. During the next eight years three people are tried in turn for his murder: his young wife, Germaine; Larry Hellman, her second husband, and Angelo Parenti, a fiery young labor leader. Before the mystery is finally solved in the important month of December 1941, the repercussions of Steve Callahan's death have come to involve the entire commonwealth, shaking and shadowing it through all its stratifications. The story widens conically from the point of Callahan's death, until it reaches out to encompass a variety of people and events: a bitter strike among the lettuce workers, a liberal professor at the University across the Bay, embattled labor unions, political groups, Mexican workers, the Spanish Civil War, a corrupt labor leader, race discrimination, vigilante organizations, uncurbed hoodlumism, a messianic Nazi secret agent (for me, the most completely realized character in the book), and general corruption in high places. All these and many others take their places personally and historically to form a pattern, a narrowing line of accusation and punishment which leads finally, at the book's end, to the bottle of whiskey beside the body of Steve Callahan.

When he is writing at his graceful best, Mr. Chevalier writes very well indeed, and sometimes with brilliance. He is at his worst when he is being doctrinaire, when his characters become symbols, and the dialogue becomes tractual. This is a book about The Good People and The Bad People, and although I once believed every word the brothers Grimm told me, I no longer like books about The Good People and The Bad People. I like books about people. It is a pity that Mr. Chevalier, in his passion and caring, should allow himself to become sentimental and to indulge in special pleading, and to so idealize his heroes and so blacken his villains. I remember all the colors of San Francisco, and what is called the Bay Region, but Mr. Chevalier has added two more, which are not there, or any place, and he has painted his characters those colors, either all black, or all white.

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Traitor Search

AFTER MIDNIGHT. By Martha Albrand. New York: Random House. 1949. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

MARTHA ALBRAND'S dramatic and polished novel "After Midnight" is the latest example to prove what has already become obvious, that women writers are entering the field of war intrigue and melodrama that had once been the exclusive property of men. Both Grace Zaring Stone, masquerading as Ethel Vance, and Miss Albrand, who has two previous successes in this popular genre, have taken advantage of the declining interest in the clumsy international spy hunts of righteous and murderous secret-service agents, and are writing more subtle thrillers that satisfy the requirements of good writing and sound plot construction. The confused aftermath of war hatreds, left by dead or living traitors and underground patriots in most of the countries of Europe, forms the background for most of their books. Miss Albrand has succeeded in weaving into this background a love story, and thus in humanizing the classical themes of hate and revenge.

In "After Midnight," Webb Carr, an American lawyer, is sent to Italy to uncover the origin of an immensely valuable Titian his millionaire client wishes to purchase in New York. This search leads him to the island home of the ancient De Cresti family lying in the shadow of the Alps. It was here that Webb had been dropped by parachute during the war to organize the Italian resistance and establish radio communications with other partisans; and it was here in the empty old palace that he had met and had fallen in love with the young daughter of the house. The Titian in New York was a family possession of the De Cresti's; and Count Carlo, Gulia's brother, declared that it had been stolen by the Germans. Among the four who knew of Webb's presence on the island someone had betrayed him. Webb had been captured, sent to a prison camp, and his native helpers had fled or were shot. When he recovered his health and memory in New York, he had been certain that his Julie had been killed. Now he found her still in love with him, and there was her ambitious and handsome brother, whom he had never met before, prosperous, and married to a beautiful woman.

Inevitably, Webb's investigation leads to a search for the traitor who had sold him and his companions to the Germans. The dying suspicions of wartime are revived, and the old hatreds in the lakeside villages, which had led to the death of an innocent man and exile for his family. Webb became convinced that Julie's love of family and race had led her to betray her American lover in order to save her brother from a German firing squad. The murder of an unscrupulous dealer in Milan, who had bought the painting from someone, or had dealt with it on the black market, finally leads to the truth and the explosive denouement at the close of the novel.

"After Midnight" is as certain of success in book form as it was destined to be a serial in a great weekly magazine. If it is a manufactured product, it is as delicately assembled as a Swiss watch, and it ticks along to its midnight hour with infallible accuracy. The characters, whether Italian peasants in the hills and village, aristocrats on the island, or the local doctor and the priest, are soundly drawn, and their emotions and reticences are believable. Nevertheless, in spite of its charm, its emotional content, and its appeal to the imagination, it seems almost too deliberately contrived to sweep the reader off his feet, or perhaps to have it recalled to the memory in a year's time. There is an art in this kind of writing, and the creator and designer of it is thus, in her way, an artist. It is "slick" writing at its best, and there are thousands who will read it with that momentary pleasure and satisfaction that comes from the achievement of any degree of perfection in literature.

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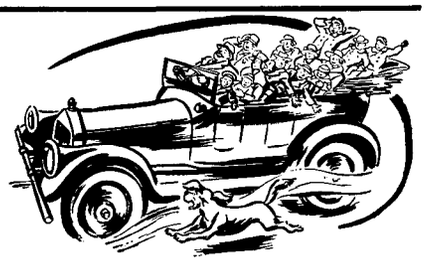

"Life with father raised to the twelfth power."
— CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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the Phoenix Nest

NEW JERSEY SKYWAY

THIS level line of lamps I know:
An Ariadne thread of light
Stitching its way across the slow
Meadows into the lively night.

And I know also where it leads:
The multiple and morticed maze
Winking with motheye windowbeads
That waits on my reluctant days.

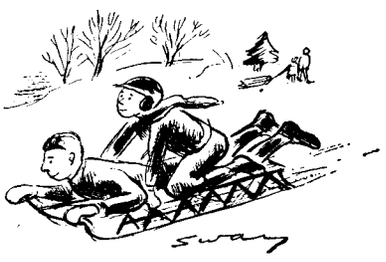
I know that labyrinth, and know
The squares and circles at its core,
And all the beasts that come and go—
All, all except the Minotaur.

And in what shape, what nice disguise
Will he at last be manifest?
What pair of eyes will be his eyes,
Watching me, guessing and unguessed?

—JOAN AUCOURT.

* * *

As preface to the following I wish to say that I have never approved of the methods of the Thomas Committee in regard to the Communists in the United States. I believe, however, that the FBI has a perfect right to deal with any subversive activities of the Communist Party or of any other group or individual, and to make such activities the subject of fair court procedure. I agree with many things said by Richard O. Boyer in a pamphlet sent to me called "If This Be Treason" (New Century Publishers, 1948) concerning the misdoings of my country (a country to which my devotion is single because, for all its faults, it seems to me one of the most equitable places on earth), though I do not agree with him that any of these misdoings or all of them together would have made a Communist of me, as he says they did of him. He writes perfectly frankly, and quotes Emerson to the effect that one should not "speak with double tongue." I agree. I won't. I remember meeting Mr. Boyer when I was in the Independent Citizens Committee. I never knew then that he was a Communist, but I found him an agreeable man. He was not hiding from me that he was a Communist. It just never happened to come up. What annoys me slightly is the tone of his pamphlet, that tacitly assumes that anyone who isn't a Communist doesn't feel for Labor or the Negro, or any of the downtrodden and unfairly-treated, as the Communists do. And if every Communist examined by the Thomas Committee, or any other committee or court, had spoken right out and said they were Communists and proud of it, I would have felt them to be more in the spirit of Mr. Boyer, or of Thomas Payne. Mr. Boyer says, among many other things, that former President Hoover did more to make him a Communist than Stalin; and the gist of his argument is that it was the horrors of the United States of America that made him a Communist rather than any Russian influence. I know something of the horrors of which he speaks, but I also know well the blessings of life in the United States as contrasted with the life of semi- or actual slavery of mind and spirit so prevalent in the Soviet Union. Yet the American Communist sees Russia as a land of milk and honey and America as a land of slavery and chains. Obviously, when people begin to talk that way, there is no chance for a reasonable exchange of opinion. Is there free speech in Russia? Vishinsky would contend that there is; but then his chief claim to fame has been decreeing mass deportation and death to non-Communists, and vilifying the United States in language never heard before in high places. Monopoly capitalism wields very dangerous and undemocratic power in the United States; but we have slave-labor to no such extent as in the concentration camps, for political and other prisoners, in the Soviet Union. We have not got, at a conservative estimate, fifteen million people wasting away their lives under intolerable labors, living worse than the beasts of the field, and dying in droves. If the triumph of Communism accomplishes such things as that, in a huge so-called Socialist country across the sea, is it reasonable to expect us to welcome the same system to America? Mr. Boyer need not come to the hasty conclusion that the American people are slaves or love tyranny. At present we have an Administration committed to reasonable reform and intelligent progress. Meanwhile the leaders of the Communist Party in America are to stand fair trial to find out what they actually profess and would actually practise. And as to the word "treason," it has been a word invoked again and again and again in the Soviet Union against the slightest deviation from the Party Line. It was hugely present at the Moscow Trials, when men presumably strong babbled confessions of error in the most horrible abasement of the human spirit of which I ever read—in the official record of the State's own proceedings. I should rather have a rebel against *anything* go to his death with the bravado of the old highwaymen in England, than so humble himself before his hard-eyed human judges in a wallowing slaver of repentance! Torture can exact that. And a torture exceeding the torture of the broken body did so exact it. That was treason, and they made the most of it.



I have had a highly intelligent letter concerning my verses "To a Communist." The writer is an ex-Communist, and, I may say, a person of sterling character, who now remarks that Lenin's "Materialism" is "the world's most unreadable book." The present position, and in all probability the permanent one of this correspondent, is that Marxism is "philosophically nonsensical, logically unsound, historically arbitrary, and scientifically half false from the start and the other half overthrown by Einstein's first work." This writer feels that I have pointed out the real fallacies, in my verses. My correspondent speaks of the truly idealistic youngsters who some years ago threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Communist movement, in just that spirit, but seem in retrospect "just well-meaning, half-educated schlemihls." I have debated whether to publish the private unburdening of this correspondent, who incidentally lacks not at all in courage; but I think I can also quote this paragraph:

> What brought us to the Party, whether we knew it or not, was the ethic of Christ: Love your neighbor as yourself. The Party's first act was to teach us that Marx recognized only the ethic of self-interest. If we ever convinced anybody of *that*, of course his self-interest took him straight to the Thomas Committee, to our rather naive surprise. But the more usual result was moral confusion—the end justifying the means, as you have pointed out, with its inevitable coarsening and corrupting effect on our characters. Our desire to teach others led to contempt of them, our sense of justice to self-righteousness, our love to hate. Most of us were absurdly gentle people physically, and yet I do not think any of us were fit to trust with power. The alternatives at last were: stay and be corrupted, or get out and repent.

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However, this person's method of repentance was not like the enforced repentance of the Russian traitors to Communism! My correspondent simply walked out like a free American citizen and turned to other pursuits in no way connected with politics or with party issues: the best of which is happy family life in the country.

I stress the above because for a number of years there has grown in my heart a cold fear, as I saw many fine young people becoming absorbed in a doctrine that, to me, attacks the very foundations of intellectual freedom, and, indeed, "the foundations of human knowledge itself" (see the articles on official Soviet procedure by Joseph P. Lash in *The New Republic*). And yet I remain opposed to all the stupid vilifiers and misrepresenters as Communists of those who advocate needed reforms and social and economic justice!

I know much concerning the correspondent I quote, and nothing that is not good. I have read Lenin's own words, and some of his pronouncements have horrified me, while I sympathized utterly with his original fight against Czarist tyranny. I have read in Ben Gitlow's "The Whole of Their Lives" what contact with the Bolshevik leaders in Russia did to John Reed, whom I knew in our youthful days in New York and counted a friend and fellow poet. And what happened to Jack is not told in the words of Ben Gitlow but more terribly in the words of Jack's wife, Louise Bryant. "It is my strongest conviction," she said in grief, "he died because he did not want to live." I knew him as a laughing and high-hearted young radical, full to the brim of life and idealism, who staged the great IWW pageant in the old Madison Square Garden, and once came to me glowing with enthusiasm for G. K. Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse."

Certainly, today, the attitude of the Central Committee of the Soviet Union toward the scientist and artist strikes at the very root of all scientific and artistic integrity. The official smearing of all who do not agree with the rigid opinions of the small men who try to force science and art into a single groove would be preposterous if it were not so base. That is the result of dogma, pure and simple, made official and sacrosanct. Never on earth has the single-track mind been exalted in a fashion more destructive to the spirit of God within us, which is to speak the truth as we see it, and not as a parrot-lesson learned out of fear, devout ignorance, or an ulterior motive. Is this the age of a growing psittacism? It may prove so.

—William Rose Benét.

The Film Forum

℞ *FOR OBLIVION*

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

Editor's Note: *This week we take the unusual step of reviewing two films whose distribution has been forbidden in the U. S., "The Drug Addict" and its shorter theatre version, "Payoff in Pain." These highly responsible films, sponsored by Canada's Department of Health and Welfare, have been further approved by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which supervised them technically, and by the Narcotics Division of the United Nations. They are already being screened throughout Canada. However, our own Treasury Department (Bureau of Narcotics) is reported to have asked that the films not be shown in the United States. Canada has, of course, acceded to this request.*

THE DRUG ADDICT

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada for the Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa. (32 mins.)

PAYOFF IN PAIN

A condensed version of "The Drug Addict" produced by the Film Board for theatre distribution. (10 mins.)

Our era has seen the progressive lifting of many of the vetoes against general discussion of social issues. Yet in our society there exists one widespread evil about which we know almost nothing, though the signs of it are all around us: addiction to drugs. We hear of a famous movie actor being arrested for taking drugs the day before he is to address a meeting on juvenile delinquency. We read of marijuana "reefers" being sold to children only a few blocks away from their high-school doors. The papers report spectacular raids which net millions of dollars' worth of opium and heroin to the authorities.

But how does this traffic take place? How is distribution arranged? How do drugs reach the addicts under the eye of the police? And who are these addicts? Would one recognize them on the street? Where do they congregate? What kind of lives do they lead? What craving drives them on? And how does society treat those who may appear on the surface to be common criminals, but who are also pathetically sick men and women?

With swift, incisive strokes "The Drug Addict" asks and sketches in an answer to these and many other questions. Some of the roles in it are played by actual addicts who inject themselves with drugs (of course under medical supervision) before the eye of the camera itself. The audience watches with fascination the increasing nervous tension of an addict who knows that the crisis of his craving for the drug must be alleviated two or three times a day. With trembling and yet expert movements he stabs his arm with the needle and throws himself on the bed of his squalid apartment where a kind of momentary nirvana spreads itself over his features. Everything in this man's life is sacrificed to his heroin. It will cost him upwards of $10,000 a year to obtain it; to raise this money he must of course resort to crime.

Behind the addict we see all the machinery of distribution which his demands have built up: the big shot lolling in his magnificent convertible outside the town; the middleman furtively secreting his package of drugs in some downtown hiding place; the peddler skulking from block to block with the drugs hidden for security in a bag in his mouth; finally, the wretched addicts themselves, grouped at a street corner, harassed, anxious, waiting desperately for the moment which must be repeated with an equal desperation a few hours hence.

At each stage in this downward journey enormous profits are made. The opium which was bought in Bombay for $50 fetches $900 in a North American port and, passing through a network of agents, costs the addicts $10,000. The addict himself is caught and imprisoned for the crimes he is forced to commit. But prison is only a temporary separation from the drug. When the addict goes back to society, he almost always goes back to the drug too. But now he is joined by youngsters who have listened in prison to the incessant conversation about drugs, and feel that for them too it can bring relief for their troubles.

All this the film dispassionately records in vivid sequences shot in the slums of Montreal. It is indeed an eye-witness film, and as such takes sides neither with the addict nor with the society which has produced him, though it appraises the necessary and excellent work of the law-enforcement squads. But when the police and the courts have done their work, the problem of the addict remains. What is society to do to him—or for him? There are the state-licensed drug supplies of certain European countries, the mental clinics pioneered in Kentucky.

These merely scratch the surface. An enlightened nationwide solution can be hammered out only by citizens and voters who know what the issues are. They have been allowed to see "The Snake Pit" with its condemnation of mental institutions. We urge that either "The Drug Addict" or its excellent condensed version, "Payoff in Pain," be released for public showing and receive widespread distribution in the theatres. Write The Film Forum about this.

—Raymond Spottiswoode.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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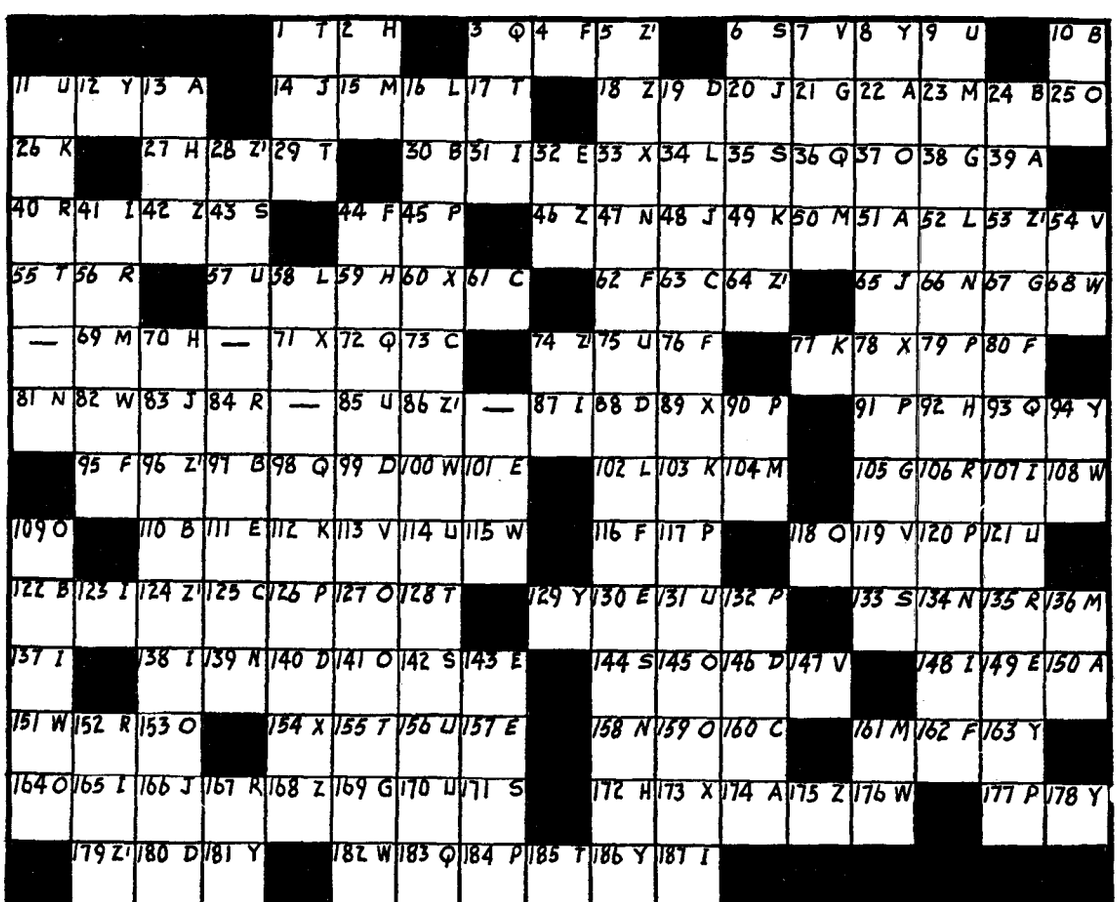
A. The patron saint of Scotland.	150 22 39 51 13 174
B. Picked up (a ball) from the ground (golf).	122 24 30 10 97 110
C. Village of the Somme, France (battles, 1918).	61 160 125 63 73
D. Seat of Kubla Khan's pleasure-dome (Coleridge).	140 146 19 88 99 180
E. Admiral George Dewey's flagship, Manila Bay, 1898.	32 157 143 101 149 130 111
F. A member of one of the four Sunnite sects (Egypt and Arabia).	76 162 4 95 44 116 62 80
G. A soft, woolen dress fabric; also, a popular color.	105 38 169 67 21
H. One of a sect of Gnostics who revered the Biblical serpent.	70 172 27 92 2 59
I. Created noisy confusion (2 wds.; slang).	165 148 123 107 187 137 87 41 31 138
J. Nickname for one of the New England states.	83 65 14 48 166 20
K. Southern-born author of "So Red the Rose," 1934.	26 49 103 112 77
L. Author and part-dramatizer of "Pal Joey."	102 58 52 34 16
M. Treaty that ended the War of the Spanish Succession, April 11, 1713.	23 69 104 136 50 15 161
N. A large California rockfish *(Rosicola miniatus)*.	134 139 158 81 47 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Given to familiar or trifling talk or conversation.	164 145 141 25 109 37 159 118 127 153
P. American woman author of a popular account of seventeenth-century life in America (c. 1635-c. 1678).	126 177 91 132 120 45 90 117 184 79
Q. Novel by Henry Adams, 1884, under the pseudonym Francis Snow Compton.	98 36 93 3 183 72
R. Disconcerted.	106 40 167 56 152 135 84
S. American operatic baritone, movie and radio performer (1896-).	142 35 133 6 171 144 43
T. Self-identity.	1 185 29 55 155 17 128
U. Dutch Governor of New York satirized in Irving's "History of New York."	170 75 9 121 57 85 156 131 114 11
V. Loosely organized group of American artists (Robert Henri, John Sloan, etc.; 1910; with "The").	7 54 113 119 147
W. Capital of Transvaal, South Africa.	182 176 68 151 100 115 108 82
X. Pulitzer Prize play, 1938.	173 33 60 71 78 154 89
Y. First Mercian king to be baptized and to spread Christianity (d. 675).	129 12 186 178 94 163 181 8
Z. Revises and prepares, as for publication.	175 46 18 168 42
Z¹. Philadelphia collector of, and writer on, rare MSS. and books (1876-).	96 179 5 64 86 124 28 53 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

RCA VICTOR, as noted in the leading article of this issue, has taken the wraps off its long-rumored "Madame X," and soon the two contenders for public favor will be toe to toe in the commercial ring: in this corner, "Kid Jewel Box," in the opposite corner, "Battling LP." For the first time since the flat disc replaced the cylinder, the consumer finds himself obliged to match a record to a piece of equipment if he cares to enjoy all the advantages which modern science has brought into being.

One phase of the matter, however, calls for a bit of clarification — the allegation that a product substantially similar to the Columbia LP record was available years ago and withdrawn from the market because public acceptance was lacking. The oversize disc which RCA marketed, through versions of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and similar works, in 1933 resembled the current product in but one respect: its speed of 33 1/3 revolutions. It failed, primarily, because of poor performance due to the following factors: lack of a dependable motor (at a reasonable price); distortion due to imperfect cutting; noisy shellac surfaces; poor reproducing point. Furthermore, the stimulus to persist and perfect these elements was lacking, since the volume of business in extended musical works was small.

In choosing to preserve the status quo of record reproduction—as represented by a record of short-playing span—RCA Victor has limited itself to the convenience of one segment of the record public (the large mass market) and left the smaller, if more discriminating, public to take what consolation it can from the improved quality of the new disc. My conviction is that *both* parties could have been served, by the use of as much of a record's surface as their needs require, gaited to the standard slow speed of 33 1/3 revolutions. This would have required a choice of one kind of standardization—RCA's 6⅞-inch record, for all purposes—against another, uniform speed; and, incidentally, lessened the importance of its quick-change cycle. When the returns are in, a year from now, we may all know a good deal more about consumer preference than we do now.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

FEBRUARY 1949

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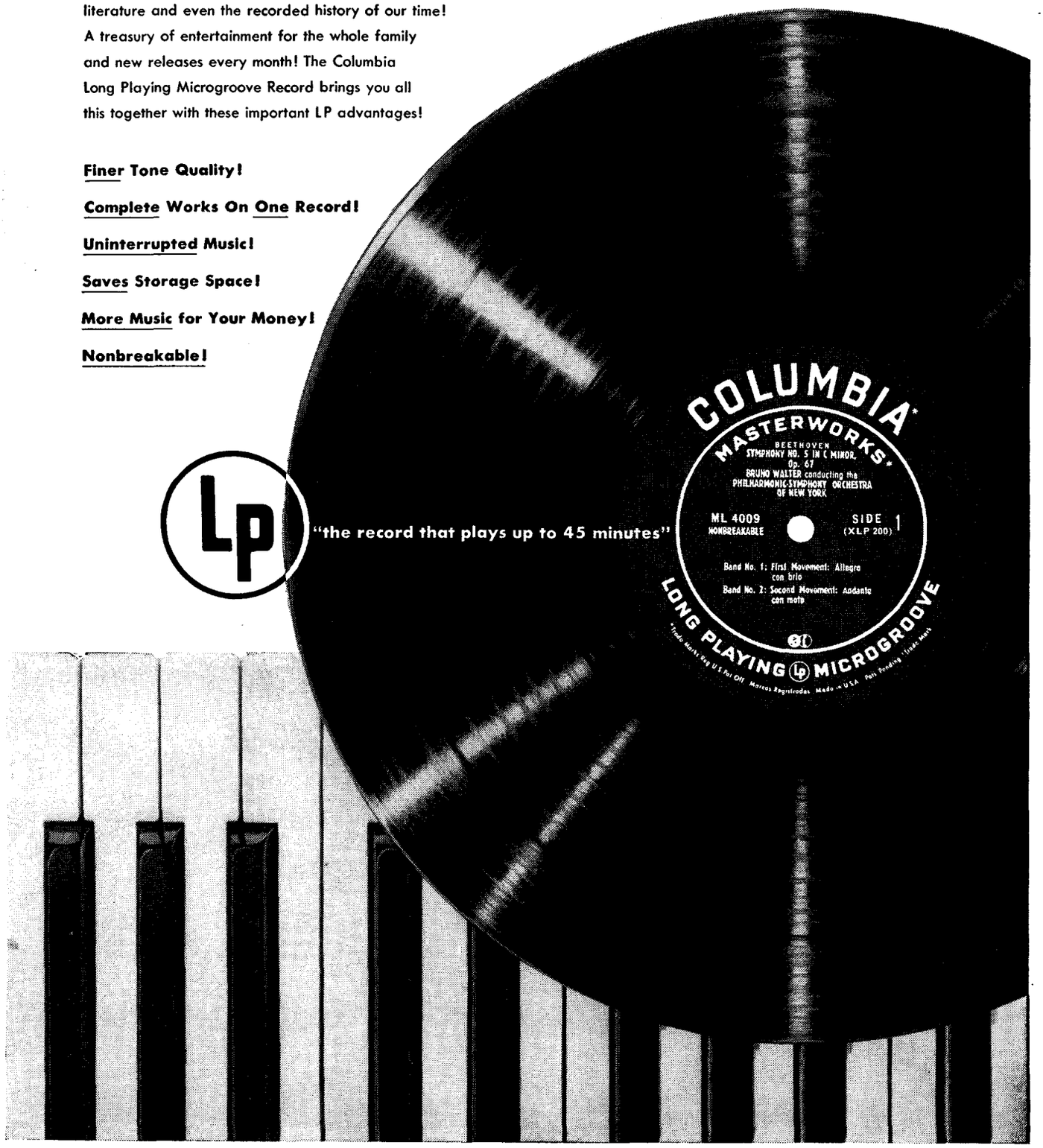

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Standardization and RCA

JAMES W. MURRAY

A FEW months ago an article appeared in *SRL* RECORDINGS which Irving Kolodin, in his editorial of that issue, accurately described as being "of vital concern to every phonograph owner and record buyer." The subject was standardization in the recording industry. I regret that at the time those articles were being written RCA Victor was not in a position to place before the writers certain facts which I am confident in the light of recent developments might have altered their conclusions.

By recent developments I refer, of course, to RCA Victor's demonstration of its new 45 rpm system of reproduction—the first integrated program of record and player planning and design in the fifty-year history of the industry. The articles I refer to caused considerable discussion. They may even have had the salutary effect of further emphasizing to record purchasers and dealers the importance of standardization in the industry.

Perhaps the daily press accomplished this. I am inclined to think that newspaper accounts did not do full justice to the fact that an entirely new system of recorded reproduction has been demonstrated which is radically different from anything that has previously been in use and that this new system, in our opinion, offers the greatest promise of future standardization for the entire industry.

Standardization, of course, can be argued from different viewpoints. Perhaps we can approach it this way:

Does RCA Victor want standardization in the record industry?

The answer, obviously, is yes. Our reasons for desiring standardization are perhaps more compelling than those of any other record manufacturer. RCA Victor is the only company which produces both records and instruments. It is inconceivable that RCA would commit itself to a unilateral course of action in opposition to a large, vigorous, and highly competitive group of manufacturers of records *and* home instruments.

It is more reasonable to believe—and such is the case—that our course of action stems from the assurances of a number of manufacturers that RCA Victor's new 45 rpm record and component player systems offer the greatest promise of future standardization in terms of satisfying the largest segment of the public which constitutes the present and future market for records and phonographs. As I said before, standardization can be argued from different viewpoints. Agreed that standardization is desirable in the record industry. But standardization on whose terms, if the public interest is really to be served?

Shall it be as the result of unilateral action and a return to methods previously developed commercially and then abandoned as not serving the needs of the large majority of record purchasers?* Or shall it be standardization as advocated and practiced by RCA Victor, involving the outlay of thousands upon thousands of dollars for research and development over a ten-year period, and the offer of the fruitful results of those technical advances to the entire industry without charge because it is RCA Victor's belief that what our technicians have perfected is a distinct and genuine improvement over systems currently in use?

*Mr. Murray alludes here to the early 33 1/3 rpm record introduced by RCA Victor in 1933 and abandoned shortly after.

". . . radically different from anything previously manufactured."

IN the last analysis the decision will rest with the public. But it is important that this decision be made by an enlightened public, which is why I welcome the invitation from *SRL* RECORDINGS to make use of its editorial columns to set the facts squarely before the readership of the magazine.

Let's start from the beginning.

In 1939, several years after RCA Victor had withdrawn its 33 1/3 records from its catalogue for lack of public acceptance, a group of engineers in Camden headed by Ben Carson were assigned to "Project X." The project, briefly stated, called for the planning and development of an integrated system of recorded reproduction in which, from rough sketch to final production blueprint, a record and its reproducing equipment were to be designed as components of a single system.

This idea was revolutionary in itself. At no time previously had the recording engineer, in consultation with the home instrument engineer, been called upon to work on a mutually complementary research and development program.

This research and development program envisaged the production of an optimum quality record, convenient in size for storage and handling, free of distortion, and capable of being produced at lower cost to the consumer. It was to be designed to play on an instrument compact in size, light in weight, and possessing a foolproof

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mechanism to change records automatically, swiftly, silently, and without damage to discs.

"Project X" was for the future, conceived and developed in terms of small homes and apartments where the bookshelf would be the record storage cabinet, and the player a small unit that would not impinge upon limited areas of space. It was also for the future in terms of low cost and adaptability for the entire RCA Victor catalogue, admittedly the largest and most comprehensive in the world.

By 1942 there had emerged from the RCA Victor laboratory an instrument and record radically different from anything ever previously manufactured by this or any other company.

The record was six and seven-eighths inches in diameter, made of non-breakable plastic to eliminate surface noise, wafer-thin, and with a spindle hole approximately one and one-half inches in diameter. The groove characteristic varied from 176 to 280 grooves to the inch. But the playing surface of the record occupied an area roughly one inch in from the outer edge of the record. The label itself covered an area which was thicker than the playing surface of the disc, thus eliminating surface rub between records and turntable.

The component instrument—known as the "Jewel Box"—was indeed small and compact. It weighed less than six pounds and contained a turntable less than seven inches in diameter, with a spindle one and one-half inches in diameter. Housed in the spindle was a trigger record changer mechanism which released the records with camera-shutter speed. The tone arm was light, exerting a pressure of less than six grams on the record.

The speed, for record and turntable, was 45 revolutions per minute, arrived at mathematically by using the quotient of 100 as the figure for an optimum, distortion-free record in which the maximum permissible intermodulation distortion figure did not exceed ten per cent.

By establishing a ratio between reproducing stylus, playing time which would equal or exceed the longest playing twelve-inch conventional record, and a record size which would be conveniently small for storage and handling, a turntable speed of 45 rpm emerged as the mathematical answer. At this speed engineers could guarantee five and one-third minutes of distortion-free performance, and the finest quality record in RCA Victor's history.

Between 1942 and 1948—a period during which the result of this research project became known as "Madame X"—both the instrument and the record were subjected to continuing and rigid tests by engineers employing distortion analyzers as well as the trained human ear. Each test proved that the mathematics of their planning was irrefutable, borne out in actual performance through comparison tests.

Since 1946 RCA Victor has been in a position to introduce this revolutionary new system to the public. Our reason for not doing so prior to this time was dictated not only by the scarcity of vinylite, but by considerations involving the record-buying public as well as the retail record dealer. Before producing it ourselves, we planned to show it to the entire industry—record as well as instrument manufacturers.

In the past few weeks we have done this. The response has been most heartening. In showing it to other manufacturers we have attached no strings. The results of ten years of development and research, together with our blueprints and technical knowledge, have been offered at no charge, because it is our belief that standardization can only be achieved through cooperation among competitors in the interest of the public. We followed the same policy in television manufacture by inviting all our competitors to Camden and demonstrating to them our resources and explaining our plans. Our theory was that television is bigger than all of us. We think the record business is bigger than any one company too, and our course of action has followed that thinking.

In the 45 rpm record and instrument system that we plan to introduce to the public in the near future we have established a new standard in performance that is unmatched by any other record or record player available to the public at this time. The distortion-free, noise-free performance in this new system opens the way for the development of home instruments of wider frequency range and truer fidelity.

OUR future plans do not ignore the 78 rpm record. There are approximately sixteen million turntables in American homes that revolve at that speed. We intend to continue to produce and supply 78 rpm records in all categories for people who want them, and we expect to sell them in large quantities for many years to come. We will continue to improve our 78 rpm product, giving the consumer the advantage of every innovation that is physically possible to incorporate into the conventional record.

But we are firmly convinced that the 45 rpm system will be the criterion of standardization for the future. And we are sure the public will corroborate this belief, for technically as well as musically the 45 rpm system injects a new and dominant note into modern living that cannot be ignored.

James W. Murray has had a lifelong association with the record industry, and is at present vice president in charge of RCA Victor record activities.

My Favorite Records

Clifford Odets, author of "Golden Boy, and other plays including the forthcoming "Big Knife," contributes the following list of preferences. "I don't necessarily consider them the best records ever made," he explained, "but they are the things I listen to time and again." Lest he be considered a hopeless record reactionary, Odets asked us to add that the lack of recent issues reflects an extended stay in Hollywood, where he made no purchases for lack of place to store them. "Come back in a few months when I'm settled in a new apartment," he said, "and we'll talk about the new records."

MONTEVERDI: *Nadia Boulanger collection of madrigals.*
BEETHOVEN: *The Sonatas. Schnabel's "Society" recordings.*
BEETHOVEN: *Last Quartets. The Capet Quartet.*
HAYDN: *Concerto in D major, with Landowska as soloist.*
MOZART: *Concerti, Nos. 19, 21, and 27, with Schnabel as soloist.*
SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe." Panzera-Cortot.*
BEETHOVEN: *Fifth and Seventh Symphonies. Richard Strauss and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.*
BERLIOZ: *"Symphonie Fantastique." Bruno Walter and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.*
MOZART: *"Adelaide" Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin and Paris Symphony under Enesco.*
MOZART: *"Don Giovanni" and "Così Fan Tutte." Glyndebourne recordings.*
MOZART: *"Die Zauberflöte." The Berlin recording under Beecham.*

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Following the Ban— The Petrillo Deal

MILTON DIAMOND

AT THE risk of appearing to disagree with the editorial statement in last month's issue of RECORDINGS that "the musicians are returning to work in the studios under a wage agreement no different from that which obtained before," I would like to mention the way in which the present agreement does differ. The returns may in fact be the same, but, as an underlying principle of the thoughts to follow I would like to make this clear: We now have the *participation of record makers all over the country* in a program designed, through Samuel Rosenbaum as trustee, for "organizing and arranging the presentation of personal performances by instrumental musicians . . . at such times and places as in the judgment of the Trustee will contribute to the public knowledge and appreciation of music."

For the first time in this country, then, the manufacturers are directly assuming a part in the perpetuation of opportunities for the playing of live music, proportionate to the degree in which mechanical devices supplant such talent through the use of discs. The Trust Agreement provides: "The Trustee shall organize such performances upon occasions where no admission fees are charged, in connection with the activities of patriotic, charitable, educational, civic, and general public nature, such as, but not limited to, veterans' hospital entertainment programs, educational programs in schools and institutions of higher learning, patriotic and recruiting drives, symphony society or other musical activities of a non-profit nature, and similar programs and activities, entirely without profit to the trust fund."

On some occasions a record has been likened, in function, to a chair which a person buys and may use in any way he sees fit. But if there is a christening in New York, or a wedding in Chicago, or a funeral in Los Angeles, an individual chair made by an individual workman will be required for each. However, all may use, for part of each occasion, a record by the same musicians. If, for reasons of convenience, this must be recognized as an advantage of a machine age, it is the function of this trust fund to preserve in other portions of New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles the opportunities for use of musical skills denied by this recording.

It is the attitude of the American Federation of Musicians in this program that preservation of such opportunity is rooted in good morals, good sense, and good business. The record, and the radio, have brought the best in musical talent not only to our large cities—as it used to be—but to every town and village. We think it is splendid for artists of the quality of Heifetz or Toscanini, Traubel or the Budapest Quartet to be heard publicly nationwide, or in the home. But we feel that the stimulation thus afforded to young talent should be matched by opportunities for that talent to develop.

All our players in the popular field, as well as many who become concert artists, find their beginnings in humble circumstances. Who knew Benny Goodman was to become Benny Goodman when he was playing for $2 a call in a Chicago theatre? Who recognized a rear-desk violin player in the orchestra of the Capitol Theatre as the potential conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra? If the kind of opportunities to be provided by the Trust Fund develop and flourish, we have the soil in which such talents may take root.

"Soil" and "roots" are worth mentioning, for the same kind of outcry against "progress," represented by James Petrillo, was made by other persons in the nineteenth century when forests were being hacked down by exploiters of such mechanical devices as power saws, railroad trunk lines, etc. We finally had a problem in erosion, flood control, and reforestation that required Government intervention. Record manufacturers have taken a first signal step in regulating their supply of human materials without waiting for the situation to get out of hand to the point of inviting Government supervision.

Samuel Rosenbaum—$2,000,000 in trust.

Projected on present rates of sale and the stipulation of the agreement (one per cent on the price of records under $1 in retail cost, one and one-half per cent on records selling up to $1.25, 2½¢ on those between $1.25 and $1.50, 3¢ for those up to $2, and two and one-half per cent on those above $2) the Trustee will have a yearly fund of approximately $2,000,000. With this, a start can be made along the lines of regional activity indicated by the recently executed agreement establishing the trust fund. But it is hardly sufficient to do the job that is to be done, and which we think should be done: to make available the degree of employment necessary to encourage the study of music as an art and a craft, to provide a flow of students toward gainful occupation, to perpetuate the music teacher as a valued member of the community, all to the end of assisting the public in an appreciation of the musical art.

WE are prepared to urge the enactment of legislation which will place a degree of responsibility for this project upon the two major commercial users of records—radio broadcasters and juke-box operators. We feel that a law which permits a $250,000,000 annual juke-box industry and a multi-million-dollar broadcasting industry to receive its most important and indispensable source of material—the record—at nominal purchase price has long since been outmoded and that a change is overdue. Especially in the case of radio stations, all of which operate under free licensed monopoly from the FCC, under pledge that they will encourage and employ local talent, does the change in law seem appropriate. Many receive income grossly disproportionate to their investment, disseminate a fare of records and transcriptions, and withal, employ not one single live musician!

It is my belief, as one who has worked with the manufacturers as well as with the Federation, that the time will come when informed persons will be grateful to Petrillo for pioneering in his daring fashion, and regret some of the harsh things that have been said about him. The Federation concept, at bottom, is that the functional use of records in public places or on the radio should be sep-

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arated from home diversion or education. The recent record ban was sweeping and complete, not because the Federation necessarily wanted it to be, but because there was no other way in which the imperative ends could be achieved. With a contract now binding for five years, time is available in which to attack some of the deep-lying deficiencies of the present copyright laws, and render more equitable a situation which has long been grossly unfair to musicians.

There has been no substantial change in these laws since 1908 despite the perfection since then of such revolutionary devices as the radio, the sound film, electrical recording, and television. It will take time, perhaps thousands of hours of legislative hearings, for all sides of the issue to be examined, and all points of view to be heard. I believe that when the justice of the musician's grievance is properly understood, no enlightened group of legislators will deny them relief. I cannot believe that responsible industry, whether it is record manufacturer or broadcaster, can be so lacking in purpose as not to plow back some part of its earnings to encourage opportunity for the still indispensable man—the human performer.

Milton Diamond has been a practising attorney in the field of music and records for many years. He is at present counsel for the American Federation of Musicians and a principal in the negotiations that resulted in settlement of the year-long record ban of 1948.

Toscanini Rehearses

THE CEREMONIAL opening—a hubbub of tuning and conversation—an A from the oboe, the orchestra tunes deliberately and with precision. Then silence. Thirty seconds, a minute—two. It might be the beginning of a concert. Then Toscanini is all at once on the stage—"Ahfternoon," he murmurs. "Afternoon, Maestro." The rehearsal is on. Toscanini in a black coolie coat buttoned to his neck looks like a benevolent old padre.

His favorite expostulations . . . "No, my dear" when a mistake is made the first time, and he has patience. "This way."

He talks musician's jargon—Italian, German, French, whatever is indicated by the kind of music and the effect he wants. Piano, forte, fortissimo, accent, legato—these are heard more than anything else. Surprisingly, often he uses straight English, spoken in a deep, almost husky, but melodious voice, rich in expressive inflections and overtones. The pronunciation is more Oxonian than anything else, broadish a's, and good, explicit choice of words. Obviously he knows the language thoroughly, though legend is otherwise.

When the work is going well, and the stops are of a nature he deems necessary, not occasioned by stupidity or carelessness, he frequently says, after an explanation: "Andiamo, please." That is his way of saying, "Now we do it again—right."

At intervals, however, when he has explained something, worked it over a few times, curved it to his desires, gotten the expressive shape he wants, and *then* the musician reverts to a phrasing that shows forgetfulness, he becomes violent, remonstrative, perhaps even abusive.

A long string of Italian, terribly vindictive in sound, as though the heavens were being called to witness an unpardonable transgression. How, you wonder, in eighty years has he refrained from committing at least one murder? Then, as an apocalyptic excommunication, a regretful "Shame on you."

Sometimes the lecture takes another form. He has demanded, in a certain stop, short choppy bow strokes, rehearsed, been pleased. At a repetition, a miserable second violinist uses a little longer bow. He stops, glares, bursts into language, the meanwhile pantomiming a gross caricature of the offender's sin. In a despairing shriek he cries: "You ownderstan' NOTHING!"

At one moment in the rehearsal the necessity for consulting a score arises. It is big, a manuscript copy, bound in heavy red boards, very cumbersome. Propped on the small music stand beside him, it slips as he turns the pages, and he scrambles to catch it. His face reddens at the exertion, and with a monumental heave, he sends the score flying forty feet into the auditorium, preferring to rely on his memory.

As an abashed flunkey stumbles after it, a musician remarks, "That has been going on for two years—and they never get a bigger music stand."

But, twenty minutes later, another flunkey appears miraculously with a bright new *green* stand, sturdier and twice as broad. Toscanini clasps his hands, as a child with a long cherished new toy, his face lit with the smile he usually reserves for his granddaughter. The men applaud. The Maestro is in a good humor. It is like a battle won. "Bene, bene," he says. The words speak volumes.

To illustrate a rhythm, he saws wood energetically with his arms. The baton catches in a near-by stand, and already short, it splinters to lead-pencil size. He continues to expostulate, "Ya *yata* ya *yata*," as he wants it played, meanwhile picking splinters from the meager length of the baton, and looking about for some nearer object to rap it on.

In a lull, he goes to the piano better to detail a desired phrasing to the pianist. From these fingers then come the unmistakable rhythms of jazz, so distant from the music on which they were nurtured, but still imparting to them the exact flavor and nuance.

There seems to be a descending level of esteem in his attitude—no doubt unconscious—toward the men. Woodwind and hornists he holds in the respect of one artist to another, losing patience with them only in an extremity. He is respectful to violinists, and hard on cellists, for he played the instrument himself and treats them like bad children. Percussionists he belabors, because his soul is intensely rhythmic, and he cannot conceive of a sound musician misconstruing a rhythm.

But his attitude toward bass players is, in a moderate phrase, one of unconcealed contempt. He expects instantaneous response from them, for the instrument after all, is something like the cello; but his brusqueness suggests the constant thought in his mind: "How could an intelligent man play such an instrument?"

Thus he screams at them in a ratio of three to one for the rest of the orchestra, crying the absolute pitch when they deviate, brow-beating, stamping his feet, pounding his head when the instrument is too loud or too soft for a certain effect. At a moment when they carry the tempo ahead too fast he lays down the baton in a frenzy of icy disdain and says: "Follow me! I want to conduct the way *I* want to—not the way you want me to."

He inevitably does.

—THE EAVESDROPPER.

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Americana, Indoors and Out

First Report on "Kate"

"So in Love." Dinah Shore. (Columbia 38399, 79¢); *Gordon Macrae.* (Capitol 15357, 79¢); *Patti Page.* (Mercury 5230, 79¢.)

"Why Can't You Behave?" Frank Sinatra. (Columbia 38393, 79¢.)
"Always True to You in My Fashion." Dinah Shore. (Columbia 38399, 79¢.)

Something as sizable as a new Cole Porter score, when it is of the weight and abundance of "Kiss Me Kate," requires a little time for digesting; wherefore it is appropriate that these morsels be dealt with before the whole of it is served in Columbia's forthcoming original-cast album. The cryptic designations above, when properly interpreted, add to only one answer: that Miss Shore's combination of "So in Love" and "Always True to You in My Fashion" is fairly indispensable, whatever ensues from Drake, Morrison, *et al.*; that the others are more or less stopgap.

It is a reasonable suspicion that Miss Shore has had a forewarning of Lisa Kirk's manner of dealing with "Always True to You in My Fashion," for she delivers this wry ballad of fidelity (something between Cynara and cynicism) with the same strain of pseudo hillbilly emphasis. Not recommended for kiddies, it is strong support—even for those who haven't yet heard the whole Porter score—for the view that

—Ed Carswell—Graphic House.

Cole Porter—"he hasn't been writing as well for a long time."

he hasn't been writing as well for a long time. I like MacCrae's "So in Love" for what it is; manly semi-crooning, with good orchestral background by unidentified hands, but temporal ends will be served by the Shore, as a dividend on the other, more attractive side. Miss Page is better than fair, which is hardly fair to Mr. Porter.

For reasons known best to himself, Sinatra slows "Why Can't You Behave?" to a walk, so that its chiding sentiment becomes morose accusation. It is a notable feature of all these discs that they are 1949 recordings, meaning post-ban; with especial evidence of technical improvement in the Shore and Sinatra sides. The former, indeed, with its lively interpolations by the Starlighters (phonographese for a vocal quartet) is uncommonly good sound by any standard. Harry Zimmerman conducts the orchestra.

Eight Seasons

VIVALDI: *"Concerti delle Stagioni." Henry Swoboda conducting the Concert Hall Society String Orchestra, with Louis Kaufman, violinist.* (Concert Hall albums AR, $14.70.)

A recording of the "Four Seasons" by Molinari and the Santa Cecilia Orchestra was reviewed at some length in RECORDINGS for September 1948. This same work is now available in a domestic version. From a technical standpoint there is little choice, since the greater frequency range and vinyl surfaces of the Concert Hall recording are offset by a faulty balance which over-emphasizes the solo violin. Interpretive honors must be awarded according to personal preference. Swoboda is more precise, and also a trifle "slick"; Molinari is less painstaking, but more gracious in his approach. — R. G.

Landscapes, a Little Blurred

GILBERT: *"Dance in the Place Congo."* COPLAND: *"Quiet City."* IVES: *Housatonic at Stockbridge."* COWELL: *"Ancient Desert Drone." Werner Janssen, conducting the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles.* (Artist album JS-13, $6.30.)

A valid idea is only partially realized in this group of chromos by Americans. There is nothing but credit for the works themselves—all representative of substantial trends in American creative effort—or for the conducting of Janssen and the playing of his orchestra, but the reproduction, by the most charitable view, is substandard. Where there is a marginal inclination to blink at fidelity and take the performances for what they are, rough surfaces discourage the ear.

The greatest offense, in these respects, is fastened on Ives, because his "Housatonic" impression is blurred of outline by intent, and the addition of mechanical haze makes obscure what is meant, merely, to be impalpable. Nevertheless, many of us will listen again and again to this disc, against the day when some company or other which has the Boston Symphony under contract will permit Richard Burgin to reproduce the whole of the remarkable performance of Ives's "Four Places in New England" which he gave in Boston, New York, and other non-New England places last winter. Copland and Cowell fare relatively better, since their pieces are simpler in scoring, more faithfully represented by the available means. For conductor Janssen, then, a vote of thanks; for his technicians, a look the other way. Alfred Frankenstein's notes are worth both a look and a thank you.

The First American Muse

CANDELARIO: *Indian Songs of the Southwest.* (J. S. Candelario. Taos, N. M., $6.20.)

Aside from such parlorizations as "Land of the Sky Blue Waters," "Indian Love Call," and odd bits of Victor Herbert, the music of the American Indian has been given as short shrift by those who invaded his land as the aborigine himself. Noting the available albums of Congo tribal music, Hindu *rasas*, and African veldt songs, J. Candelario of Taos, N. M., has doubtless said to himself: Why? This admirable enterprise is its own answer.

Included are specimens of primitive rituals derived from Apache, Hopi, Navaho, and Taos sources. How far they preserve musical impulses untainted by civilized influences is anyone's guess; the mention of sleigh bells, in the sound structure of the Apache dances, makes for wonder. But the vigor and freshness of the sounds suggest that such embellishments have been swallowed up by the original patterns, utilized as one more resource for evoking the "gods, spirits, animals, and plants" of the Indian world mentioned in the descriptive notes.

Along with selecting material of meaning and interest, Candelario has managed something special in field reproduction. The tones and timbres of the original sounds are sharply suggested, to a better result than is common in ethnological undertaking. The surfaces, however, are gritty.

—I.K.

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Reviews of the Month

Italian opera assumes a prominent place among the month's releases, with Pagliughi, Ebe Stignani, and Alexander Sved sharing vocal honors. A new recording of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is remarkable both for the previously unrecorded Finale and for Toscanini's interpretation. Other phonographic first appearances include Cimarosa's Oboe Concerto and Hindemith's Quartet in E flat. For those inclined to more standard repertoire there are new waxings of the Beethoven First, Grieg's "Lyric Suite," and the ubiquitous "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" of Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Verdi, Violent and Virtuoso

VERDI: *Excerpts from "Rigoletto." Alexander Sved, baritone, and Lina Pagliughi, soprano, with Alfredo Simonetto conducting the Radio Italiana orchestra.* (Cetra-Soria album 109, $10.20.)

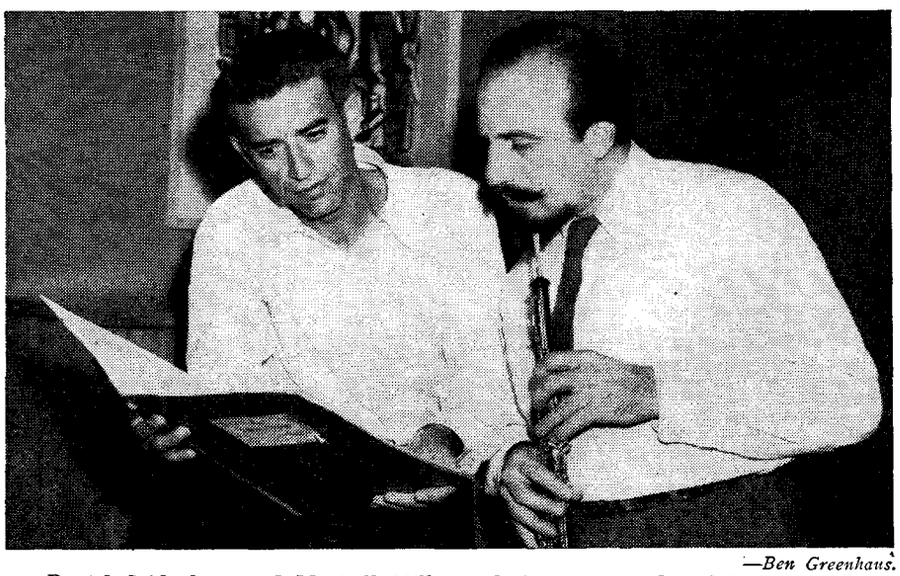
VERDI: *Excerpts from "Otello" and "Ballo in Maschera." Alexander Sved, baritone, as above.* (Cetra-Soria album 114, $6.55.)

VERDI: *Excerpts from "Aida," "Trovatore," "Otello," and "Ballo in Maschera." Daniza Ilitsch, soprano, with Kurt Baum and Richard Tucker, tenors. Max Rudolf conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra.* (Columbia album 798, $6.)

If opera albums are to be compiled in truncated form, Cetra has hit upon a wholly admirable way to do it. On these ten sides from "Rigoletto" we have much of the finest music in the score, and a good deal of its drama as it involves Rigoletto and his daughter — the "Pari siamo" of the first act, the superb duet of the second, "Caro nome," "Cortigiani," "Si vendetta," and the final outburst of the tragedy (I am referring to the acts as they are given at the Metropolitan—the excellent booklet lists them, of course, in the original divisions).

Sved is a finer singer on these records than he commonly was in his Metropolitan career, though even with the advantage of the microphone his huge voice is not always firmly on pitch, and its "covered" production sometimes sounds merely nasal. But it rises to some amazing climaxes, including a full-throated A flat in "Si vendetta" that is on the order of incredible. Pagliughi delivers her music with much more control and ease than the coloraturas we have been accustomed to hearing recently; the quality of the voice is almost babyish in its lack of vibrance, but suitable for the virginal Gilda (if it is intended to be so). Some of Simonetto's tempi baffle me—both for exaggerated fastness and slowness—but the preparation throughout has been carefully done, the recording suggesting that some new equipment has been moved into Italy recently.

Connoisseurs of vocal extravagances will also be interested in Sved's album of soli, especially his fine "Credo" from "Otello" and "Eri tu" from "Masked Ball." In addition to these show pieces, he offers an unfamiliar excerpt from Rossini's "William Tell" and a well sung "Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser." There is much more that is routine in the Columbia collection of Verdi duets: some brilliant but uncertain work by Ilitsch and consistently hard tone from Baum in "Aida" excerpts ("Nile Scene" and "Addio terra") and the "Miserere" from "Trovatore." However, there is considerable virtue in the love duet from the first act of "Otello" in which Richard Tucker sings with beautiful voice and notable feeling. Max Rudolf does highly creditable work throughout with the orchestra.



—Ben Greenhaus.

Daniel Saidenberg and Mitchell Miller—"clarity, taste, and a delicate tone."

Brahms, at Length

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (English Decca album 89, $11.55.)

My personal score with the post-proscribed Furtwängler is now two up and three down. I have listened with pleasure, even enthusiasm, to his versions of the great B flat Serenade of Mozart and the First Symphony of Brahms; and with not much of either to the "Coriolan" overture and Violin Concerto of Beethoven, a group now joined by this Second Symphony of Brahms.

As in the other works by Furtwängler which left me unimpressed, a primary characteristic of the treatment is ponderosity—a temptation to make every effect conspicuous for the listener, leaving little to understatement or suggestion. Moreover, I find the first three movements taken at a pace that is slow unto the tortuous. That Furtwängler has his own concept of this work is evident from the finale, which is a burst of sunlight in a dark cavern. This is undoubtedly magnificent, but I can't see the cause for obscuring the effect of thirty-odd minutes of music for the sake of aggrandizing four minutes at the end. The recording has the space and sonority expected of ffrr, but a little tubbiness that is not characteristic.

Reconstructed Cimarosa

CIMAROSA: *Concerto for oboe and strings. Mitchell Miller, oboe, with orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg.* (Mercury album 6, $2.88.)

The fact that Cimarosa never wrote a concerto for oboe and orchestra is no reason to despise this venture, for Arthur Benjamin's translation of several one-movement keyboard sonatas into the idiom of wind instrument and strings is linguistically sound and artistically valid. Without access to the originals, I accept the assurance of David Hall (notator of the album) that

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the arranger has left "the basic contents of the music substantially as written by the composer."

What results is, in any instance, charming and ingratiating music of high credit to Cimarosa's repute, and a good mark for Benjamin's. Mitchell Miller (whom we note below as the impressive English horn player of Stokowski's "Tuonela" recording) performs with clarity, taste, and a delicate yet substantial kind of oboe tone that is thoroughly complementary to the music. Saidenberg does his work well, and the ensemble has been reproduced with admirable distinctness. A little more resonance in the string tone would have been welcome, however.

A Dream of a Dream

MENDELSSOHN: *"A Midsummer Night's Dream." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Orchestra, with Edna Phillips, soprano, and women's chorus.* (RCA Victor album 1280, $6.)

Mendelssohn's music, Toscanini, and the phonograph have had an affinity from the days of his earliest recording in this country, as those who remember the gold-label Brunswicks will recall. The Nocturne and Scherzo were always dazzling specialties of his, and it is a cause for congratulation to someone at RCA that the traditional suite—plus a final page never before recorded—will be with us always in this magnificently spirited and clean-lined performance.

"Dazzling" is an almost irresistible word for Toscanini's treatment of the Scherzo, but even more so of the "Wedding March"—as trite a piece of music as the common ear knows. However, it is the virtue of Toscanini here to show us that we have not been hearing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" at all these many years, but some second or third cousin to it. The real Mendelssohn progeny is a thing of regal pride, splendid in its trumpets, with jubilant strings and ceremonious percussion. I shouldn't be surprised if the Beecham Overture described by Mr. Heinitz a month ago is wittier, more fanciful, than Toscanini's, but the youthful exuberance of the music is marvelously conveyed. And the Finale, with women's voices, is a little masterpiece in itself: a reprise of the Scherzo, with staccato voices replacing the woodwinds, and a concluding commentary of the strings rounding off the magic of the whole.

As 8H recording goes, this is exceptionally good; a little dry of string tone, but crystalline in its revelation of textures and timbres—a special virtue, in this particular score.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Theatre in the Groove

EURIPIDES: *"Medea," adapted by Robinson Jeffers. Judith Anderson.* (Decca album DAU 12, $10.)

SHAKESPEARE: *"Hamlet." Sir Laurence Olivier.* (RCA Victor album 1273, $4.75.)

"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. (Britam album 1, $13.20.)

"The Tempest." Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. (Britam album 2, $13.20.)

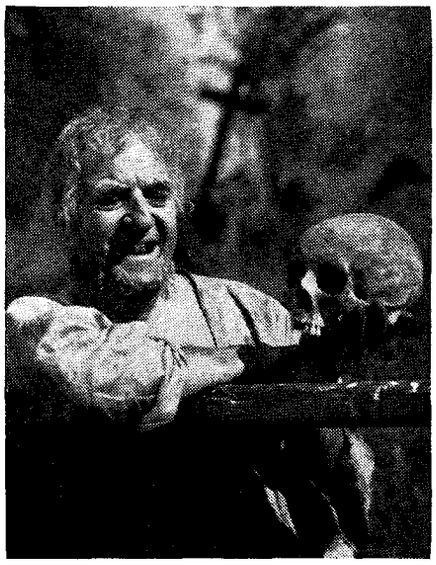
"Richard II." Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. (Britam album 3, $16.50.)

In a sense little more need be said about these recordings than that they are technically excellent, and that if you admire their material (and who would dare admit that he doesn't?) you should be pleased to have them in your home, school, library, or club. They offer an opportunity to hear the wonderful lines spoken with admirable distinctness and occasionally with distinction. The capacity to make Shakespeare intelligible in the theatre eludes most contemporary actors.

Of the recordings listed above, I should say that Judith Anderson's rendition of Jeffers's "Medea" is the most provocative; the excerpts from Laurence Olivier's motion-picture version of "Hamlet" the most likely to succeed; the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's "Merry Wives of Windsor" the most fun; the "Richard II" of the same series, the most beautiful in its text, and "The Tempest"—also of Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre origin—the least striking.

I have never heard the recording of a whole stage play. I imagine I would not enjoy the experience, for the same reason that I generally abhor listening to excerpts or a condensation of a stage play on the radio. I once attempted to listen to a half-hour version of Odets's "Awake and Sing" which I had staged. The play is rich in good lines, and the company was the same widely admired one that I had directed. Yet I had not listened more than five minutes when I felt obliged to switch the radio off in embarrassment.

The reason for this is that a play is not simply a matter of spoken lines any more than a man is only his voice and his words. The solitary reading of a well-written play may be thoroughly enjoyable as a self-sufficient literary exercise. Any good play certainly implies and suggests the elements of its possible stage production, but the moment it is *acted* and is carried over to the theatre, it ceases to be a play in the literary sense. It becomes something entirely new for which we really have no adequate name in our language except for the cumbersome, ambiguous one: a theatrical production.



—Stanley Holloway in Olivier's "Hamlet."

"The greatness of the scene is related to the visual shock of seeing the gravedigger's jibe and play over the corpses."

What distinguishes the play on the stage from the play on the page is, of course, the presence of the actor. Not only does the timbre of the actor's voice become important, the accent, pace, intensity of his speech, but his whole person, his face, manner, thought, the aura of his personality and, above all, his *action* or movement. But even these do not cover all of the actor's scope on the stage. The space he occupies, his relationship to the audience, his relationship to the company around him, the nature—in shape, color, placement, tone—of the environment that he occupies, all become crucial. Remove all this, and leave only the sound of the actor's voice, and you have only a fragment of the whole and, from the standpoint of the theatre, not always the most significant fragment! I cannot now recall what eminent French critic once pointed out that while the Parisian audience of the early nineteenth century thought it was admiring the classicism of Racine's verse, it was only the romanticism of Rachel's gestures it was applauding.

Let us now turn to a few details in the records at hand. Most of the graveyard scene in "Hamlet"—up to the point of Hamlet's "poor Yorick" speech—is neither very amusing nor significant when all one gets from it is the spoken dialogue. The greatness of the scene is related to the visual shock of seeing the gravedigger's jibe and

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "An die ferne Geliebte." William Horne, tenor, with Franz Rupp, piano. Mercury album 8, $3.15.	Assuming that the Huesch version of these songs for Victor remains available (it is still listed in the catalogue), I cannot see any real competitive value in the effort of Horne. The voice is tight as often as it is free, the interpretative feeling not very deep. Rupp does his usual competent work at the piano. Empty-hall recording.
Beethoven: "Egmont" overture. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0288, $1.25.	A rather methodical performance, and much brighter in recording than earlier versions now available. However, I don't hear in it any real consummation of Beethoven's purpose, and would counsel patience.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 1. Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 796, $7; and ML2027, $3.85.	Warm caressing playing, cleanly reproduced, makes this version of Walter the new phonographic standard until such time as Toscanini undertakes a re-recording. It is free of exaggeration, energetic in mood, and if it has any fault at all, it is a certain bigness of style not usually heard in this music. I rather like that, nevertheless.
Chopin: "Andante Spianato" and "Polonaise." Claudio Arrau, piano, with the Little Orchestra, conducted by Thomas Scherman. Columbia album MX 307, $3.50.	Though this version includes the orchestral part of the "Polonaise" omitted in previous versions by Rubinstein and Horowitz, the gain in authenticity is not what it might be. The orchestra is dull in sound, the treatment of its background second rate. However, Arrau is personally admirable, his piano tone excellently reproduced. The piano far outbalances the orchestra in the total sound.
Debussy: "Nocturnes." Sidney Beer conducting the National Symphony Orchestra with the Luton Choral Society. English Decca album 62, $7.35.	A full set of these works in the splendor of ffrr is indeed something to anticipate; but Beer (who seems to exist only on the Decca label) is no man for the task. The isolated sounds are beautiful enough, but hardly with the poetic sense to correlate them.
Donizetti: "La Favorita" ("Fia dunque vero"). Ebe Stignani, mezzo, with Vincenzo Bellezza conducting. Columbia 72727, $1.25.	A first American release for Stignani, and a brilliant example of her wide-ranging voice, its dramatic resources, and the uses to which Stignani can put them. A brilliant disc.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 ("From the New World"). Leopold Stokowski conducting his orchestra. RCA Victor album DV 25, $11.	Though Stokowski is still inclined to rewrite Dvorak (by the omission of a rest here, the insertion of a fermata there), this is by much the best recorded version of the work now available, and forcefully conducted. The richness of the "Largo" is something to hear, the brassy clamor of the finale vivid.
Faure: "Pelléas et Mélisande" suite. Charles Munch conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. English Decca album 58, $5.25.	More competition from the future conductor of the Boston Symphony for the present one, since a recording of three parts of this suite was one of the finest recent accomplishments of Koussevitzky and his ensemble. Those who have it are not likely to discard it for Munch's addition of Mélisande's death music. Others will find the cheaper domestic discs not much inferior.
Grieg: "Lyric Suite." Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the National Symphony. English Decca album 63, $5.25.	Those who delight in such innocent diversions as the "Shepherd's Boy," "Rustic March," and "March of the Dwarfs" (I confess to being one) will find them here in high spirits and good order. There is no other version now available, nor is one desirable.
Haydn: Symphony in G, No. 88. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 803, $4.75.	Welcome as a qualified replacement for Toscanini's incisive but poorly recorded version of this work would be, I can't recommend this playing as qualified. The orchestra is large for the music, Ormandy's touch noncreative. The largo is over-interpreted, the finale stodgy. Moreover, the recording has some faults of balance.
Hendl: "Dark of the Moon" prelude. Walter Hendl, piano. Hargail 1100, $2.10.	A Coplandish piece played with lively skill by the composer. Overside is a "Short Story," also by Hendl, and the Prokofieff "Visions Fugitives," Opus 10 (Nos. 3, 8, and 10). The piano clangs a bit, but is otherwise clearly reproduced.
Hindemith: Quartet in E flat (1943). Budapest Quartet. Columbia album 797, $4.75.	A rather more ingratiating work than the generality of Hindemith's chamber music, obviously an evolution from the late Beethoven quartets. The mastery is there, but no great meaning. Few contemporary works have been better served than Hindemith is by the Budapest ensemble.
Liszt: "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 1 (F minor). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia 12928, $1.25.	No. 14 in the piano sequence, this is perhaps the most fiery of the set, a famous speciality of conductors from Nikisch to the present. Ormandy's idiomatic conducting, the splendor of the playing are sufficient to give it precedence over the Fiedler version of several years ago.
Massenet: "Manon" ("Le Rêve") Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor. RCA Victor 12-0659, $1.25.	Tagliavini is a resourceful, sensitive singer in this aria, but the overside "Pourquoi me réveiller" from "Werther" is marred by ugly tone, the product of forcing (for volume) that is akin to shouting. Both recordings have accompaniments ably directed by Jean Paul Morel.
Mendelssohn: "Ruy Blas" overture. Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0657, $1.25.	Good tragic declamation by Monteux, his incisive concept thoroughly realized by the excellent orchestra. The recorded sound tends to be harsh (the fault of the hall, no doubt) but its other virtues give it preference over the Beecham.
Rachmaninoff: "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini." Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. RCA Victor album 1269, $4.75.	Few works for piano and orchestra have been more impressively recorded than this, up to and including some overcutting on the final side. One would imagine that this defect, evident in the imports of several months back, would have been remedied in the repressing, but it is still there, a definite liability. Caveat emptor. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Year's Best Albums

ORCHESTRAL

BARTÓK: "Concerto for Orchestra." (Columbia)
BERLIOZ: "Symphonie Fantastique." (English Decca)
DVORAK: Symphony No. 4. (Columbia)
DVORAK: Symphony No. 5 (RCA Victor)
GERSHWIN: "An American in Paris." (RCA Victor)
LEHAR: Waltzes. (London)
MOZART: Symphony No. 40 in G minor. (Columbia)
STRAVINSKY: "Sacre du Printemps." (English Decca)
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Oboe Concerto. (Mercury)

INSTRUMENTAL

ALBENIZ: "Iberia." (Columbia)
BACH: "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor. (Columbia)
BEETHOVEN: Concerto No. 4. (Columbia)
BRUCH: "Scottish Fantasy." (RCA Victor)
IVES: "Concord Sonata." (Columbia)
MENDELSSOHN: Piano Concerto in G minor. (English Decca)
MOZART: Violin Concerto in D. (RCA Victor)
SATIE: "Three Pieces in Form of a Pear." (Columbia)

VOCAL WORKS

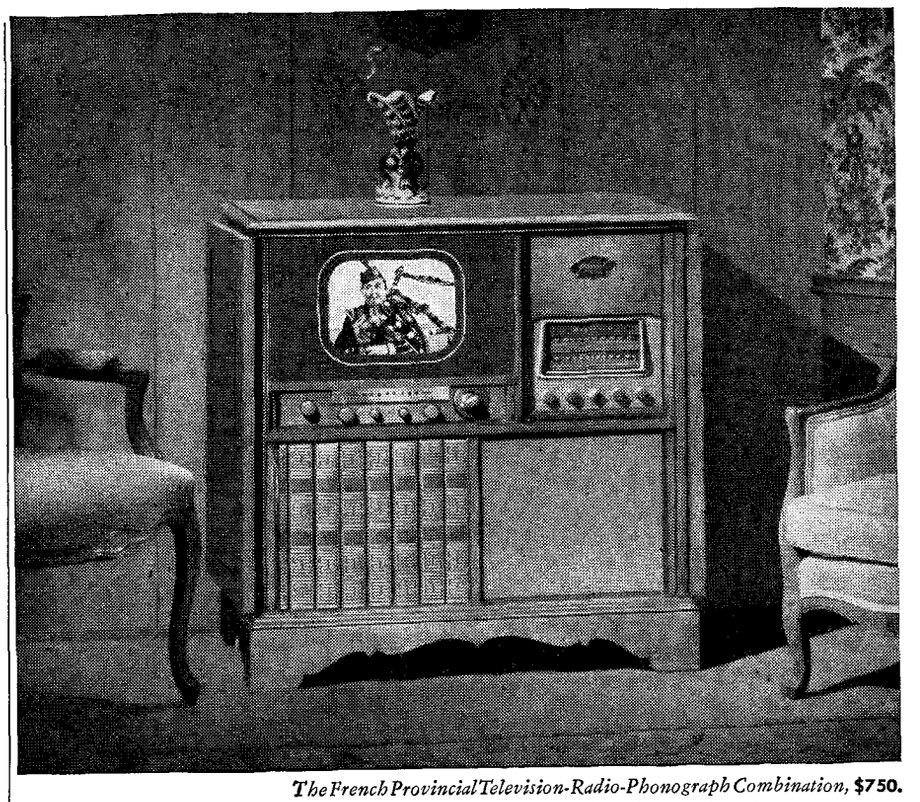
BERLIOZ: "Grand Requiem Mass." (Columbia)
BRAHMS: "German Requiem." (Columbia)
BRAHMS: "Alto Rhapsody." (English Decca)
BRITTEN: Folk Songs. (London)
DEBUSSY: "La Damoiselle Elue." (Columbia)
GRETRY, AND OTHERS: Operatic Airs (Teyte). (RCA Victor)
MENOTTI: "The Medium" and "The Telephone." (Columbia)
MOZART: Requiem Mass. (Cetra)
PUCCINI: "La Bohême." (Columbia)
RAVEL: "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." (Columbia)
STRAUSS: "Elektra." (RCA Victor)
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Mass in G minor. (English Decca)
WAGNER: "Wesendonck Songs." (RCA Victor)

CHAMBER MUSIC

BEETHOVEN: Quartet, Opus 18, No. 6. (Columbia)
BEETHOVEN: Quartet, Opus 135. (RCA Victor)
BLOCH: Quartet No. 2. (International)
BRAHMS: Sonata in D minor. (Columbia)

MISCELLANEOUS

"I CAN HEAR IT NOW." (Columbia)



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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

ROME.

THE nicest thing about Italian record releases of 1948's dying quarter is the added proof they provide that Rome's symphony orchestra has just about recovered its prewar excellence. In the years before World War II, the orchestra—then called the "Augusteo" from the great round mausoleum of the first Roman emperors where it held its concerts—ranked with the first two or three on the Continent.

Its troubles began when Mussolini, who sought ever to keep Fascist Italy's eyes fixed on the glories of the ancient empire, "restored" the Augusteo to a ruin, making the orchestra homeless. For a while it camped out at the Adriano theatre on Piazza Cavour, despite that building's acoustical deficiencies. But after the war the Adriano's owners turned it into a movie house. So the orchestra—at this time called simply the "St. Cecilia" after the fifty-five-year-old national academy which controls it—had to move to the hardly more satisfactory Argentina theatre. There, at the moment, it has its seat, while the Government ponders either reconditioning the Augusteo or building a proper concert hall.

Meanwhile, the group lost its longtime permanent conductor, the veteran Bernardino Molinari. In the last few years it has struggled along with guests of widely varying abilities, few of whom mount the podium twice in a season. And it has lost one concertmaster after another, as lucrative overseas posts were offered. Moreover, its *professori*, some of whom have held down their chairs thirty-odd years, are dying off or getting stiff-fingered with age; and there are not the youngsters to replace them: the Duce's decade-long mobilization kept them away from schools, or they have decided that music pays too little in inflation-ridden Italy.

So it is hardly less than a miracle that the orchestra (which last year, in consideration of the distance it had traveled along the comeback trail, resumed the proud name "Augusteo") plays the kind of music it does. Admittedly, it is still uneven. In my time here I have heard it give some fairly bad concerts. But under the right stick it can be superb. In October I noted three fine recordings with Victor de Sabata conducting. I have now to report another topnotch job under the incisive De Sabata, the Beethoven "Pastorale," and two less pretentious efforts under Tullio Serafin, the Respighi-Rossini "Boutique Fantasque" and the overture to Rossini's "Italiana in Algieri."

Among previous recordings of the "Pastorale," connoisseurs are torn between the Walter-Philadelphia (Columbia) and the Toscanini-BBC (RCA Victor). The Walter is not available here for direct comparison. However, I have played the De Sabata alongside the Toscanini and the Paray-Colonne (Columbia). In my non-expert opinion, it outreaches the former, overshadows the latter. Toscanini's is to be preferred to De Sabata's perhaps, if flawlessness of performance be the sole criterion; but the Maestro's successor at La Scala excels him, I think, in his comprehension of Beethoven's programmatic purposes. Particularly impressive are the dynamics he elicits in the fourth, or "Storm" movement.

I doubt that the recording (DB 6473/7) will become available on American pressings in the near future, family considerations at RCA Victor probably barring this challenger to the established Toscanini set. But it is to be hoped that the New York Philharmonic will let De Sabata program the "Pastorale" during his 1949-50 guest appearances so that American listeners may judge for themselves.

The Augusteo's performances of "Boutique Fantasque," Ottorino Respighi's fine (1919) transcription of Rossini piano pieces for the Russian ballet (S 1025/7), and of the "Italiana in Algieri" overture (S 10516) both benefit by Serafin's long career in opera. The former has three suites, of five, four, and three dance movements respectively; these range from March through Mazurka, Cancan, Cossack Dance, and Slow Waltz to the fugal Finale. Serafin also conducts the Rome radio symphony in two excerpts from Igino Robbiani's 1924 opera "Anna Karenina," the Prelude to Act II and a passage from the second act duet, "Gli Amanti" (S 10517).

Lists of the other companies are thin in orchestral music. Columbia, as usual, concentrates on pressings from foreign masters. Cetra lists for November-December the Saint-Saëns symphonic poem "Danse Macabre," by the Turin radio orchestra under Arturo Basile, with Antonio Gramegna as violin soloist, and four "antique dances" from the pen of Scarlatti's contemporary, Leonardo Vinci, by the strings of the same orchestra under Mario Fighera. However, since Cetra often waits until dealers' orders are received to press, these records have not reached Rome shelves. The like is true of record-

Other Recent or Forthcoming English Releases

BARTOK: "Concerto for Orchestra." Concertgebouw—Van Beinum. Decca.
BEETHOVEN: Sonata in F minor, Opus 57. Louis Kentner. Col.
BERNERS: Ballet music, "Les Sirènes." Philharmonic Orchestra—Irving. Col.
BRAHMS: Violin Concerto. Ossy Renardy and Concertgebouw—Munch. Decca.
DEBUSSY: "La plus que lente"; "Danse." Gieseking. Col.
FRANCK: "Chorale, No. 1." Marcel Dupré. Decca.
HANDEL-WOOD: Organ Concerto No. 9. Thalben-Ball and Philharmonia Orchestra—Süsskind. HMV.
IRELAND: "These Things Shall Be." Hallé Orchestra & Choir—Barbirolli. HMV.
KABALEVSKY: "Sonata No. 3." Moiseiwitsch. HMV.
LISZT: "Rapsodie Espagnole"; "Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104." Walter Rehberg.
MOZART: Sonata in B flat, K. 333. Lili Kraus. Parlophone.
MOZART: "Ach ich fühl's" ("Zauberflöte"); "Deh vieni" ("Figaro"). Irmgard Seefried. Col.
PURCELL: "Minuet"; and Schumann: "The Prophet Bird." Cortot. HMV.
SAINT-SAËNS: "Danse Macabre." Concertgebouw—Munch. Decca.
SCHUBERT: Octet. Vienna Octet. Decca.
SCHUBERT: "Die Post"; "Der Lindenbaum." Heinrich Schlusnus. Decca.
SCHUBERT: "Rosamunde" Overture. London Symphony—Krips. Decca.
TCHAIKOVSKY: Fifth Symphony. London Philharmonic—Celibidache. Decca.
TCHAIKOVSKY: "Swan Lake" (excerpts not previously recorded). Royal Opera House Orchestra—Rignold. HMV.
VERDI: "Eri tu" ("Ballo in Maschera"). Inghilleri. HMV.
WAGNER: "Lohengrin" Prelude. Philharmonia Orchestra—Kletzki. Col.
WIENIAWSKI: "Polonaise Brillante." Ida Haendel. HMV.

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ings of a new company, Celson, announced as long ago as September—which include violin music of Saint-Saëns and Ravel recorded in France by San Francisco's ex-prodigy Ruggero Ricci, and Schubert's D Minor Trio by the Italian chamber group of the year, the Trio di Trieste. Another new company, CGD (Compagnia Generale del Disco), whose prefatory literature last summer vaunted its surfaces, fell short of living up to promise in first releases, which included Pergolesi's Concertino No. 2 (SA 3001/2) and the Corelli Concerto Grosso No. 3, Op. 6 (SA 3000). Precisely though the Angelicum Chamber Orchestra of Milan, under E. Gerelli, executes this pleasant music, it sounds somewhat thin; and in the copies I played there was some surface noise.

There remains only to mention, I believe, Renato de Barbieri, a youthful Italian violinist who enters Voce del Padrone's catalogue with two twelve-inch and four ten-inch sides, all with Pianist Giuseppe Guastalla. The twelve-incher (S 10518) offers Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and Hubay's "Zephyr," the smaller records Sammartini's "Canto Amoroso," Remy Principe's "Nei Boschi del Renon" (HN 2361), and two Paganini "Caprices" (HN 2353). Barbieri — who played in a recent movie based on Paganini's life—makes an uneven showing; I liked the "Caprices" best, though they have their small faults.

(I have not so far seen mention in RECORDINGS of Gioconda de Vito's superb Chaconne from the Bach Partita No. 2, which she waxed in London on her way to the Edinburgh festival [released here by Voce del Padrone as DB 6632/3]. It offers big, masterful, masculine playing by the uncompromising artist who stands to Europe's women violinists as Dame Myra Hess to the pianists.)

The needles crisis continues. Four times, Marconiphone (the HMV-Columbia combine) has applied for a permit to import foreign needles, arguing that the Italian product is so poor that the entire record business is imperiled; four times the permit has been refused, with the explanation that the Italian industry (one firm, which supplies all record companies) must be protected. Appeal now has been taken directly to the Government minister concerned; it is to be hoped he likes music.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

* * *

LONDON.

THERE can be little doubt that the most interesting releases here are, at present, coming from Decca. Handicapped by the virtual monopoly to world-famous artists under contract to His Master's Voice and Columbia, they have had to look for new talent and, after an initial period of disorder, we are beginning to reap the fruit of their labors. There is general agreement among collectors in this country that, by and large, Decca records are technically superior to those of their rivals. The upper register is cleaner and appears to extend further, balance between soloists and orchestra is often better. Yet more important, in view of current trends towards over-amplification, is the fact that Decca's full orchestral tuttis are easier to reproduce without appearing, in any way, to lack dynamic power.

All this is splendidly exemplified in the new recording of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade." Here Decca has used one of its two great Continental assets, the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, and the direction is in the safe hands of Ernest Ansermet. His is an outstanding performance of this colorful and popular score, both scholarly and exciting—a rare combination. When I add that the recording is possibly the best even Decca has yet given us, it will be understood why people are hastily discarding their Stokowski or Goossens version and replacing it with Ansermet's (if they can find a shop where they are not told, "Sorry, out of stock").

I am frequently asked, "How do you think present-day American records compare with the British product?" This is not an easy question to answer. During the last dozen or so years American records have earned themselves an exceedingly bad name in this country, and most people are inclined to shudder when thinking of any NBC Symphony-RCA Victor recording of the late Thirties or early Forties. This not altogether undeserved prejudice remains and, though there has been an undoubted improvement of late, most current American records are still felt to sound too bright and hard for comfort. On our instruments here they seem to be weak in the bass and in the extreme treble (at any rate compared with Decca ffrr), while American studios do not seem to give us the spacious effect of some of their European counterparts.

However, a recording like this month's new release of Kabalevsky's suite "The Comedians," by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Kurtz, should help to dispel much of this feeling. The music is most entertaining without being anywhere near as vulgar as "Gayne" and I liked the reproduction from these two discs immensely. It is a sad fact that dollar restrictions have curtailed our postwar imports of American recordings,

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so that it becomes difficult to form a fair picture of recent technical progress.

Also from the States come the first Tagliavini titles to be issued in this country. He has not yet been heard here in the flesh and it is too early to report public reaction to this disc. For my part, I cannot pretend that I was thrilled to the core by his singing of "Ella mi fu rapita" and "Una furtiva lagrima." Some parts of his range are endowed with great charm, but on the whole his singing is uneven and his manner too derivative.

Returning to the European scene we find a new recording of Schubert's "Great" C major Symphony. Herbert von Karajan is in command, and the performance by the Vienna Philharmonic is distinguished by some lovely string playing, a hallmark of this famous orchestra. Yet on the whole I was a little disappointed, especially by comparison with their fine new Beethoven "Choral." Karajan falls between two stools in this performance; on the one hand he misses the lyricism with which Walter endows this symphony, on the other there is little of the drama we find in a Toscanini reading of the score. The recording is quite good, though the balance is not favorable to the woodwind.

Edwin Fischer is an erratic genius among pianists, but who could fail to be thrilled by his playing of the Rondo in Mozart's C major Concerto, K.503? He is well supported throughout this work by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. The recording, HMV, is good except for the first side, where every forte is curiously distorted.

The December Decca list contained a new set of Bach's Partita No. 2 in D minor for unaccompanied violin. This most exacting of works in the violin repertoire is played, complete on six sides, by Alfredo Campoli, a superb instrumentalist who is at last beginning to receive the recognition he so richly deserves. It is characteristic of the snobbery which still pervades so much of our musical life that Campoli has found it difficult to rid himself of the stigma of his early activities in the field of light music. After hearing him play the Chaconne, that monumental finale to this Partita, no one can dispute that he is a violinist of the very front rank. I hope that America will soon hear this splendid recording.

Finally I should just like to mention a lovely Decca record of songs by Gounod. The singer is the French baritone Gerard Souzay, endowed with a lovely, even voice of most attractive timbre, gentle yet manly, and a sensitive musician as well. The songs, excellently recorded, are "O ma belle Rebelle," "A la brise," and "Quanti mai." —THOMAS HEINITZ.

THEATRE IN THE GROOVE

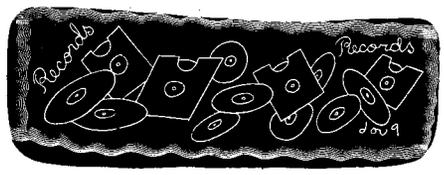
(*Continued from page* 55)

play over the corpses, and Hamlet's contemplation of this in the light of his situation and inner struggle. Or take Hamlet's famous "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt": what it means in the theatre depends on what the actor intends it to mean. In his motion-picture version of the play, Olivier has chosen to make it little more than a stirring of the mind—in order to solve the problem of Shakespeare soliloquies, which might strike the mass movie audience as peculiar and "unreal." The result is that in the recording we hear the speech delivered in a rather uninflected monotone that is justified only by the setting and method of Olivier's presentation. This is even truer of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, which Olivier reads in the same fashion and largely for the same reason, whereas another actor or even the same one under different circumstances might make the speech highly dramatic and physically active.

Olivier's Hamlet might be called the gray Dane, and the scenes which have been chosen for recording tend to heighten a certain overdelicate, even weak introspectiveness, that is true to Hamlet only if we accept Olivier's whole conception of it, which the etching-like quality of his entire production alone can make clear.

It is precisely because the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre series lacks any sense of a specific theatrical interpretation that its recordings are so satisfactory as readings. In a word, they recommend themselves to lovers of Shakespeare's poetry rather than to lovers of Shakespeare's plays. That is why the "Richard II" recording, which gives the impression of having been done by actors who were less successful in their parts on the stage than were those who did "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is nevertheless affecting. We think of the speeches only in terms of the beauty of their words, not in terms of their place in a dramatic structure. This is another way of reiterating the thesis that an acted play is not the same as a spoken poem, and that what might be good theatre will not necessarily make a satisfactory recording. "Theatre" for the ear alone demands a specific technique, which may not accord at all with what is scenically interesting.

I am at somewhat of a disadvantage with the recordings of the Jeffers-Euripides piece because I am one of the few who was astonished at Judith Anderson's Medea without admiring it. As a *tour de force* of performance energy it was quite remarkable; as art



it left me cold. When I saw it on the stage I thought it mostly vocal—and therefore not the best kind of acting. But as I listen to it now without benefit of Miss Anderson's violent gestures and contorted visage, I find myself stiffening into an attitude of such resistance that I could almost wish "Medea" had been a pantomime; and if Miss Anderson is, as some have claimed, the only American actress nowadays who could do a Medea, I find myself impelled to thank God for it. But this is perhaps unfair, since the declamation of Greek tragedy presents in some respects even greater difficulties to the actor than Shakespeare's verse. —HAROLD CLURMAN.

Singles of Distinction

SIBELIUS: *"The Swan of Tuonela." Leopold Stokowski conducting his orchestra.* (RCA Victor No. 12-0585, $1.25.)

SICILIAN FOLK SONGS: *"Cantu a Timuni" and "A'Barcillunisa." Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor.* (RCA Victor 10-1461, $1.)

Stokowski at his best is a formidable exponent for any music, and this moody, superbly shaded performance is as fine a version of "The Swan of Tuonela" as I have ever heard. Mitchell Miller's English horn playing is masterful, and given the prominence in the aural scheme that it merits. That aural scheme, incidentally, is wonderfully realized in this sonorous, aptly balanced recording, one of the best produced by RCA in its new 34th Street (N. Y.) studio. With the resumption of recording, we are looking forward to more and even better products from it.

Giuseppe di Stefano, who was responsible for an admirable disc of two "Mignon" excerpts last month, is no less a thrilling vocalist in these Sicilian folk songs (made in England in late 1947). These have something of an exotic quality—not unlike, in some respects, Canteloube's "Chants d'Auvergne"—and Di Stefano sings them with lovely freshness and vocal warmth. —I. K.

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Some Highs and Lows

YOU WON'T be able to do much about the problem of the Victorgroove records (45 rpm) versus the Columbia LP (33 1/3 rpm) and their mutually exclusive playing equipment until the RCA Victor disc with its associated equipment actually appears in the spring. This department will retail pertinent information as it becomes available; meanwhile—more on the complex problem of tone control. Tone control will be with you whatever record system you use.

Tone controls fall into two general types. First, specific tone controls ("equalization") needed to compensate for various known electrical quirks in records and pickups, for instance to bring into line the differing performance of crystal and magnetic type pickups, or to compensate for weak bass. (Perhaps the term does not apply to these compensations when they are fixed—and invisible—and hence for the average user non-existent. But it is often desirable to have a choice, thanks to the lack of standardization in the various records we play. Once a choice is provided, we have, most definitely, a "tone control.") The second type is the general-purpose kind of control, to meet any and all conditions as well as it may, but primarily to alter tone according to individual taste and according to the vastly different acoustical conditions in our millions of home living rooms. (We often blame the records or the machine for results they have nothing whatever to do with. A person who lectures with phonograph equipment, as I do, soon gets a very healthy respect for the power of room acoustics to wreak havoc with tone quality.) Most of us usually find ourselves using one or the other type of control to cover everything, but the fact remains that the intentions are different and so are the designs, the first kind being best with fixed, known positions, the second with highly flexible, continuously variable controls.

If your present collection of tone controls is unsatisfactory or confusing, here are several practical and inexpensive extras that may well be worth the trouble of instalation, They are of course best suited for separate-unit outfits, but it is quite feasible to install them in console-type machines.

1) The wide-range magnetic pickups, now becoming prevalent, require both preamplification and equalization. In words of fewer syllables, they are too weak and must be strengthened ahead of time; their output does not match the weak bass and strong higher tones of the average record, and so tonal compensation must be added. The two are done together in the equalizer-preamplifiers sold separately for use with such magnetic pickups as the GE, Lear, Pickering, Clarkstan, Astatic, and, in built-in form, in many amplifiers and phonographs. The simpler models offer no tone choice, but this is an excellent place to do your tonal adjusting—there is no better—and so numerous units are available with a little, or a lot, of tonal choice, matching the pickup's output to various types of records and even types of taste. A simple and inexpensive one is the Astatic (EA2) with a good selection of tone choices; most other companies have equivalent models for the more adventuresome, to use in place of the non-adjustable preamplifiers. A variant of this, for use when you already have a preamplifier (a microphone input), gives the equalization choices only, and does no amplifying. Lafayette-Concord lists a Roll-Off Range Control which easily matches a magnetic pickup to any microphone input, with choices, for about $6. Fancy professional models from Gray and Pickering cost much more. No extra current, no tubes, and simple connections.

2) Crystal pickups more nearly match the requirements of the average record and are strong enough not to need the preamplifier. Still, some equalization is needed for best results. You can have it very simply in a small Astatic unit, the E4P equalizer, which goes into your crystal pickup wires, with no extra current, no tubes, gives you four choices of tone for under $2.

3) You may even acquire a fine two-knob continuously variable tone control unit of the general-purpose type described last month, to be installed at the amplifier's input. This is a more complex kind of control, but it still does not involve extra current sources, extra tubes, nor is its instalation difficult. The UTC Interstage Equalizer, which you can have for about $15, has separate bass and treble controls, with the flat positions (neutral) correctly in the middle, pointing up, which you can adjust either way. The only difficulty you will find is that you may have to readjust your volume control after changing the knobs—a minor trouble in exchange for much greater flexibility of tone. The unit will eat up some of your spare volume; better be sure you have extra.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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The Musical Bookshelf

A FRONT SEAT AT THE OPERA, by George R. Marek. Allen, Towne & Heath. $4. Grand opera being, in Johnsonian definition, an "exotic and irrational entertainment," the books devoted to its lore and elucidation are legion. Every autumn, with the onset of operatic operations, the publishers add to this large corpus. Among the present batch, this collection of essays is the most notable. No opera lover could help but be intrigued by its exuberant antiquarianism. Tchaikovsky's report on the first Bayreuth Festival, the adventures of an Italian critic covering the premiere of "Aida" in Cairo, Weber's acerbic parody of opera libretti: such is the library treasure which forms the kernel of Mr. Marek's engrossing volume.

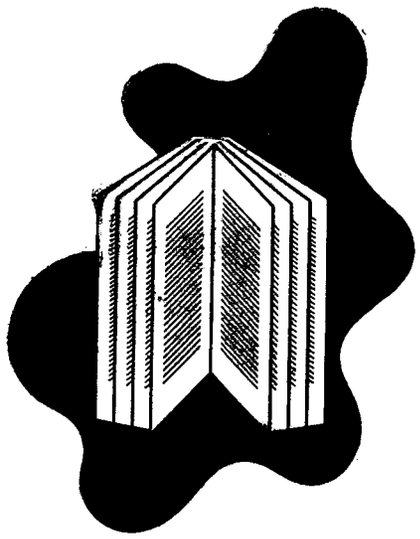
OPERA LOVER'S COMPANION, edited by Mary Ellis Peltz. Ziff-Davis. $5. Without ever descending to a bald recounting of "stories of the opera," this book manages to detail much musical information of value to the Saturday afternoon listener. Twenty-five contributors set to work on thirty-eight operas—with the usual uneven results.

THE OPERA QUIZ BOOK, edited by Harold V. Milligan and Geraldine Souvaine. A. A. Wyn. $2. A compilation of some intermission sessions from Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. These lumbering inquisitions, while fairly agreeable over the air, are tiresome in print. It offers an easy, if disordered, way to pick up operatic facts, however.

THE WALTZ, by Mosco Carner. Chanticleer. $2.50. Mr. Carner tells the story of three-quarter time in as great detail as most of us will ever want. Like the companion volumes in the "World of Music" series, it is replete with charming, well-printed illustrations.

CHAMBER MUSIC, by A. Hyatt King. Chanticleer. $2.50. More an aperitif than an adequate history. As a model of historical selectivity and concise, meaningful expression it surely merits kind commends, but both author and subject deserve considerable more than a scant seventy pages.

GERMAN SONG, by Elisabeth Schumann. Chanticleer. $2.50. Another instance wherein the content deserves more extended treatment. Mme. Schumann's panoramic account of the *lied* shows the subtle taste and acute intelligence which have long been evident in her recitals. Few singers can write with this perspicuity.



MUSIC FOR THE VIOLIN AND VIOLA, by Hans Letz. Rinehart, $2.50. *MUSIC FOR THE VOICE, by Sergius Kagen. Rinehart.* $5. These constitute the second and third volumes in a series called "The Field of Music." Their aim is to list repertory, and to rate the difficulty and describe the style of each piece. Mr. Kagen's volume on vocal music is the better compiled, but I cannot believe that either of them will be of much real use except, perhaps, to teachers of limited musical culture. The listings are by no means exhaustive (less than one-third of Schubert's songs have been included) and the descriptive remarks, while accurate, could hardly be termed probing.

THE YEAR IN AMERICAN MUSIC: 1948, edited by David Ewen. Allen, Towne & Heath. $6. Helpful for reference and pleasant for desultory browsing. This book chronicles musical doings from coast to coast during the period June 1947 through May 1948, including a Who's Who of American composers and a What's What of American orchestras, opera companies, and music festivals. Not content with this, the volume goes on to list world and American premieres, musical awards, books published, and records released—all, of course, during the period under review. As a work of reference it would have been greatly improved by an index.

A HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC IN AMERICA, by Sigmund Spaeth. Random House. $5. Our celebrated tune detective chronicles the hit parade from "Yankee Doodle" to "Nature Boy." Much of it gets no further than a mere listing of shows, songs, lyricists, and composers, but for those with a long memory and an inclination to nostalgia this will be more than sufficient. An exhaustive index of titles and proper names makes it a useful work of reference. Many readers will take exception to the author's opinion of serious American composition, which he aggressively denigrates in his ardor for the "folk" or "popular" idiom.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL DOCUMENTS, edited by Paul Nettl, Philosophical Library. $5. "Memorabilia" would better describe the contents than "documents." Letters, newspaper reports, and extracts from books give the reader a sense of historical intimacy with the great composers. The selection of material would seem a bit too flighty for standard reference purposes, but for idle reading it is excellently contrived. A book designed for browsing, however, should be typographically appetizing. This one is quite the opposite.

DICTATORS OF THE BATON, by David Ewen. Ziff-Davis. $3.50. A "completely revised edition" of a popular book which first appeared half a dozen years ago. It includes sketches of many new orchestral luminaries, such as Charles Munch and Leonard Bernstein, and it makes some attempt to bring the sections on long established personalities up to date. Anecdotage looms more impressively here than critical perceptions, the latter being too pat to satisfy discriminating listeners.

—Roland Gelatt.

FEBRUARY BOOK DEBUTS

The Italian Madrigal. By Alfred Einstein. Princeton University Press.

Music Since 1900. By Nicolas Slonimsky. (Third Revised Edition.) Coleman Ross.

The Symphonies of Mozart. By Georges de Saint-Foix. Alfred A. Knopf.

Historical Anthology of Music. By Archibald T. Davison and Willi Appel. (Revised Edition.) Harvard University Press.

Last Operas and Plays. By Gertrude Stein. Rinehart.

The Victor Book of Operas. By Louis Biancolli and Robert Bagar. Simon & Schuster.

Wagner. By W. J. Turner. Wyn.

Beethoven. By Alan Pryce-Jones. Wyn.

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HITS AND MISSES

AMONG the most tasteful artists now operating in popular dance music is the orchestra leader, pianist, and arranger, Claude Thornhill. We own that we have sometimes felt that Thornhill's arrangements erred on the side of limpness, and that his piano playing was occasionally so economical as to be almost empty, but in this blatant age an excess of languor and economy is an amiable fault indeed. When Thornhill is at his best he reveals a subtlety of phrasing and of harmony, an admirable restraint, that are all too rarely encountered. This is the vein in which he made his new album of piano solos with rhythm accompaniment, "Piano Reflections" (Columbia C176, $3.95). The album has another solid merit. One fault we have to find with the present popularity of revivals is the tendency of musicians to keep working the same old tunes; we will perhaps be unable to bear another exhuming of "Melancholy Baby" or "Honeysuckle Rose." In this regard, Thornhill's selection is unusually judicious: his list includes "Lady of the Evening" (one of Irving Berlin's very best), the captivating old "Love Tales," "How Am I to Know?," "That Old Feeling," and "Coquette," as well as the more frequently heard "Someday I'll Find You" and "When You Wore a Tulip," and his own pleasant "Memory of an Island."

The arresting name of Edith Piaf has been in our head these many months, but we had never heard the famous chanteuse until her latest album, "Chansons Parisiennes," came our way recently (Columbia F5, $3.95). This department's French is of the sketchiest, but the drift of each song is described in the album, and every number conveys the fragrant reek of Paris. Piaf is often advertised as a dramatic singer, but we were less impressed with a sense of drama than with the young woman's metallic power of projection; she struck us as a sort of Gallic Ethel Merman, an excellent foil for such dulcet French achievements as those of Lucienne Boyer. There is plenty of room for both French girls on the record shelves.

Danny Thomas is a motion-picture actor and night-club singer whose album of "Comedy Songs" (MGM 35, $3.14) is merely passable vaudeville save for a skilful ribbing of Cole Porter. To be sure, Porter is anything but vulnerable; he is forever ribbing himself, either in the jaunty words of his light songs or the appallingly purple rhetoric of his heavy lyrics. But in "Finish the Fineesh" Danny Thomas perverts the notion of "Begin the Beguine" in a fashion that makes a delectable addition to the record bin reserved for satire and nonsense.

In this column we have previously taken Tex Beneke's orchestra to task for a common modern fault—too too gorgeous orchestrations presenting all sorts of moods in one short record side. In his recording of the classic "Bye Bye Blues," Beneke manages to preserve a rich consistency throughout; it may appeal to others who would like to hear the historic ditty given a juicy revival (RCA Victor 20-3237, 79¢).

During recent years the besetting sins of most young women dance-band singers, or "canaries" as they are known in the trade, have included bogus or seemingly bogus Southern accents, unutterably cute inflections, and a good deal of mock excitement. The hair line between incompetence and artistry can seldom have been better illustrated than in the case of Ella Mae Morse, a girl who constantly threatens to fill the whole bill mentioned above, but whose syncopated talent remains wholly ingratiating. There is no substitute for the real, instinctive McCoy, and in the realm of hot singing Miss Morse has it. This month there appears a revival of her celebrated "Cow Cow Boogie" with Freddie Slack at the piano, backed by another sound item with the same duo, "House of Blue Lights" (Capitol 15188, 79¢).

The Presidency of the United States is no guarantee of musical sensibilities, but we will string along with the present incumbent in his taste for the "Missouri Waltz" (in our estimation, a cut above FDR's "Home on the Range"), and the number in question has received the reliable Perry Como treatment (RCA Victor 20-3316, 79¢). That excellent singer Margaret Whiting offers an accomplished version of Irving Berlin's "Heat Wave" (Capitol 15209, 79¢), which is perhaps less stirring than renditions by the Ethels, Waters or Merman, and which, moreover, preserves the unhappy results of the censorship which long ago converted "seat wave" into "feet wave." Will America never grow up?

The Latin-American files yield a fine two-sided rhumba called "Puerta de Tierra" by the gifted Noro Morales and his orchestra (MGM 10267, 79¢.) The first is called "Early Morning" and is appropriately dewy and hesitant; the second celebrates the more heated activities of "Late Evening." In its Caribbean way we come finally to one of those matters of mere crotchet which are so difficult to suggest. Some years ago, in the course of a job of professional theatre reviewing, we saw a fantastic and short-lived musical review including a waltz in which the emotion of love was compared to a "Turkish delight." Other massive metaphors were also employed. We found it all, unintentionally, very funny, and would like to share the pleasure. The song is called "It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World" and it has now been recorded with the utmost solemnity by Buddy Clark (Columbia 38370, 79¢).

—WILDER HOBSON.

Claude Thornhill—"In this blatant age an excess of languor and economy is an amiable fault indeed."

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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE DIZZY SPELL

JOHN BIRKS GILLESPIE, the man with the sometimes fugal bugle, is riding off in all directions. Time was when he, Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, and a few other inventors would content themselves by tinkering with tunes so that they were never quite the same again. Clock fashion, they would take apart a Tin Pan Alley tune and put it together with a lot of parts left over. Nevertheless, the resultant dissonances made some exhilarating listening, a cacophonous product that was the beginning of bop.

Nowadays the man has changed but his music still may be characterized as somewhat to the left of center and to the rite of spring. When he blows his trumpet, his cheeks and neck flange outward alarmingly, like a cornered spreading-adder, and wonderful things happen a goodly per cent of the time.

But he has changed, or at least he seems to have changed, mainly because he is working now with a large, sometimes cumbersome, often powerful band instead of the cool, relaxed pickup groups of yesteryear.

In addition, Gillespie's handlers have decided that Dizzy is one of the most remarkable natural comedians in show business, presenting him in front of a big band as a one-man floor show. They were right about his added talent. The sight of Dizzy bumping and mugging in a sort of Lenox Avenue rhumba against a background of the bandsmen bobbing and bopping like dervishes is an experience that can be conservatively termed unforgettable. Not content with this whimsey, the people who manage Dizzy set about trying to make him an even more fabulous and exotic personage. This endeavor was crowned a few months ago by a magazine photograph of the trumpet player clad in a sort of breech clout, bowing to the East in an attitude of prayer. This endeavor is an odds-on favorite for the Claptrap Award of 1948.

All the same, the man still blows fine horn. Now current is his release of "Minor Walk" and "Algo Bueno" (RCA Victor 20-3186, 79¢), the former side bearing one of Gillespie's most impelling solos since "Night in Tunisia," the recording as a whole having the fiber and heft of a solid-rocking colored band in the mid-Thirties plus the frantic accents of the modern idiom. "Algo Bueno" is more of the same, though of slower, halting, Cubanesque tempo. Outside of the RCA Victor recording of "Manteca" it is probably the best Gillespie disc of the past year.

Of course, pretentious and incredible concert pieces like "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop" continue to be recorded. This is the full Gillespie band playing an opus written for Dizzy's second Carnegie Hall concert, a work which includes a long chant-and-answer routine that must have embarrassed the orchestra as much as it did some of the listeners. The record is included in an album called "Bebop" (RCA Victor album P236, $4).

LUNCEFORD SPECIAL. (Columbia album C175, $3.90.)

Even if you happen to be an astute collector of recordings by swing bands (whatever *they* were) it is possible that you may have missed a couple of these when they were first released. Should you be a person of catholic tastes considering the purchase some day of "just one album of swing music" as something of a curio, your day is at hand. Columbia has made available an album of eight excellent examples of the wares of the late Jimmie Lunceford Orchestra. The people who regard this group as one of the very finest "big bands" of all time would make a considerable queue and you would find the writer standing there with them. Items included: "Uptown Blues," "Well, All Right Then," "Chopin's Prelude No. 7," "The Lonesome Road," and four others.

NAPPY LAMARE'S LEVEE LOUNGERS: *"Here Comes Your Pappy"; "Come Back Sweet Papa."* (Capitol 15325, 79¢.)

The writer could listen to the Bob Crosby bandsmen until the cows come home and as far as he is concerned the cows are still afield. Nappy Lamare, who sounds like a New Orleans kid when he sings (and he once was), has gathered a group of the Bobcat alumni for two very pleasant sides of rather refined Dixieland. You are permitted to listen to Eddie Miller's tenor sax, Matty Matlock's clarinet, Ray Baduc's drums, and Lamare's knocked-out shouting.

JAZZ GILLUM: *"Signifying Woman"* (20-3250); BIG BOY CRUDUP: *"Chicago Blues"* (20-3261); SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON: *"Better Cut That Out"* (20-3235); ROOSEVELT SYKES: *"Sneakin' and Dodgin'"* (20-3176); WASHBOARD SAM AND HIS WASHBOARD BAND: *"Dollar Is Your Best Friend"* (20-3201); TAMPA RED: *"Sugar Baby"* (20-3309). (All RCA Victor, 79¢.)

The RCA Victor people are the possessors of possibly the best and most profitable group of blues singers in the business. These are the artists listed in the rather unpleasantly named "Race" catalogues as opposed to the more polished colored entertainers that are booked into *haut bourgeois* supper clubs. To the hep Harlemite these artists seem a little countrified, but from Chicago to Memphis to New Orleans to Atlanta they keep the juke boxes warm and nickel-heavy in rib joint and poolroom throughout the Negro ghettos. The singers' names and the titles of the compositions will give you some indication of what you have in store. This is a category of music which you may have overlooked.

—GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Allyson, June, etc. "Words and Music." MGM album 37, $3.94.	Excerpts from the sound track of "Words and Music," the Rodgers-Hart "biography." Included are such imperishable items as "Thou Swell," "There's a Small Hotel," "Johnny One Note," "Where or When," "Manhattan," and, most notably, "I Wish I Were in Love Again," which has not been available for some years. The performances by Miss Allyson, Lena Horne, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Ann Sothern, and Betty Garrett are highly variable, but the gold shines through. Clear, studio-sound recording.
Elman, Ziggy: "How High the Moon." MGM 10332, 79¢.	The boppers' anthem, in a non-bop version. Typical big-band jazz of the late Goodman variety, well-paced by Elman's trumpet. With it is another revival, "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful," in which Elman's muted trumpet recalls his career with that other stylist, Tommy Dorsey.
Hawkins, Coleman: "What Is There To Say?" Capitol 15335, 79¢.	Vernon Duke's grand tune of a decade back, warmly phrased by the Hawkins sax. Still the No. 1 tenor man, Hawkins has the aid of such able jazzmen as Oscar Pettiford, bass, Allen Reuss, guitar, and "Sir" Charles Thompson, piano. "Rifftide," a Hawkins original is the overside, with Howard McGhee the added trumpet.
Hayton, Lennie: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." MGM 30174, 79¢.	Another increment from "Words and Music," and the first up-to-date version of this lively piece in too long. It sounds to me abbreviated from the full-length, double-sided twelve-inch disc of Whiteman (Hayton uses two ten-inch faces) but this is a considerably better recording, if hardly as sharp a performance.
Henderson, Skitch: "Crazy Rhythm." Capitol 15331, 79¢.	Still another revival, this time of a celebrated tune of the mid-Twenties, which set a vogue at the time. Refurbished by Henderson's skilful fingers, it is again good listening—or is it merely familiarity that makes the old tunes sound better than the new?
Kenton, Stan: "He Was a Good Man, as Good Men Go." Capitol 15327, 79¢.	A poignant lament by Teddy Powell, delivered in semi-blues style by June Christy and Kenton's now-disbanded orchestra. If bongos plus screaming trumpets appeal to you, this is a must. With it is the inescapable revival: a stepped up version of "How am I to Know?," which is about as pensive as "Pacific 231" in this treatment.
Martin, Tony: "Tenement Symphony." RCA Victor 20-3274, 79¢.	By way of England, where Martin played an engagement recently, comes this excerpt from a Marx Brothers film of several years back: "The Big Store." It's a kind of citified cantata ("in four flats," sings Martin), with some suggestions of Malneck's "Park Avenue Fantasy" blended with a big tutti in the "Warsaw Concerto" manner. Martin's is the ideal voice for it, reproduced in a way to suggest that the English studios still have a comfortable lead over ours. Woolf Phillips conducts.
Meissner, Zep: "New Dixieland Jazz." MGM 36, $3.94	In the future history of jazz, it may be recognized that the progress of the art from New Orleans to Chicago and on to New York was followed finally by a hegira to Hollywood. If this is a reliable sample, such good musicians as Nick Fatool, drums, Joe Rushton, baritone sax, Bob Poland, tenor man, and Meissner himself (on clarinet) find the fresh air of California a tonic to induce the relaxed mood of storied Storyville in New Orleans. Whether the tunes are old—"Riverboat Shuffle," "Beale Street Mama," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "Who's Sorry Now?"—or new ("Dixie Downbeat," "Louella," and "Leavin' Town" are some of Meissner's titles)—the mood is friendly, the spirit high. The ensemble passages sound somewhat arranged (judging from the lack of clinkers or harmonic fluffs) but the solos are free-wheeling and full of lift. Several sides are uncommonly well recorded, but the average of quality throughout is good.
Mercer, Johnny: "Let's Fly Away." Capitol No. 15337, 79¢.	Aviation's answer to "Slow Boat to China" would seem a reasonable description of the tune Mercer deals with here—in which the objective is to get someplace else in a hurry, and why waste time on a boat? Equally escapist is "Would Ya?," on the other side, which puts the listener in the Hawaiian Islands almost before he knows it. Jaunty work by Mercer and the Pied Pipers, with a healthy assist by the orchestra under Paul Weston's direction.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

"The Basic Library"

SIR: I am very much interested in the page that you have published called THE BASIC RECORD LIBRARY. Unfortunately I have passed my copies on to others and failed to keep this page. I wonder if there is any intention to issue these suggestions for a basc record library in pamphlet form or if there is any way in which I could obtain them.

JEROME UNGER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There is a good chance that a collection of the* BASIC LIBRARY *suggestions will be issued in a pamphlet—when there are enough of them available. Or, back numbers of the* RECORDINGS *supplement are available from this office at 15¢ per copy. Dates should be specified. (The series, incidentally, will be resumed next month.)*

LP Exchanges?

SIR: I have just received a Columbia LP player and find that I have a number of Columbia albums that have already been duplicated on LP. Could you advise me of a record shop where standard records could be exchanged for LP? I am definitely willing to pay a service charge.

PAUL UNGER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To reader Unger (no relative, so far as indicated, to other reader Unger) we note that advertisements offering such exchange arrangements have appeared in* RECORDINGS. *The consideration, however, is likely to be something more than a "service charge."*

Single Discs?

SIR: Last July you reported that James W. Murray, of Victor, had assured you that, at least, postwar RCA single records could be purchased to fill out broken or damaged sets. You also said that a similar statement had been made to you by Columbia. Thanks to your news item I have made contact with Mr. Murray, and the results promise to be completely satisfactory. But apparently my similar letter to Columbia must have been misdirected. I write to inquire now will you be so kind as to tell me to whom I must write to in order to get such replacements from Columbia.

BRUCE D. MUDGETT.

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *799 Seventh Avenue, New York, is the correct address, and a likely addressee would be Goddard Lieberson, vice president in charge of Masterworks Records.*

Whereabouts of Lemnitz?

SIR: I would appreciate any information you could give me about the following: facts about the soprano Tiana Lemnitz, her age, whereabouts, list of recordings, why the Met has not imported her.

RICHARD DOUGLAS.

Camden, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At last report, Lemnitz (who is in her mid-forties) was in Berlin, but not—to our knowledge—musically active. There is a strong belief that she was due for appearance at the Metropolitan in the late Thirties, but outbreak of war prevented. Her catalogue of records is too extensive to cite here, but it includes works of Richard Strauss, Wagner, Weber, Mozart, and the usual lieder composers. As for reader Douglas's queries about RCA and 45 rpm, he will find them covered in the leading article of this issue.*

Kreisler in G

SIR: In your December issue you mention an old Kreisler recording of Mozart's G major concerto, No. 3. Would it be possible for you to give me the catalogue number of this and the issuer? Would you know where I could buy this?

SIDNEY SHAPIRO.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This set has long been discontinued, both as an RCA and HMV issue.*

1,000 Club

SIR: As my Number One resolution of the year, I hereby offer to join the 1,000 Club. Recommendations for release: DM-60, the RCA "Götterdämmerung" album, in the abbreviated form suggested; another, a set of Sibelius to include the "Voces Intimae" quartet for strings, and the Sixth Symphony. And how about Decca's "Dido and Aeneas"? It does not seem to be available.

THOMAS GRISWOLD.

Cleveland, O.

SIR: Your suggestion for a 1,000 Club is an excellent one. Things that I would like to see returned to the catalogue include: Rachmaninoff's playing of the Schumann "Carnaval," the Wolf recording of six of Telemann's Fantasias, and Elisabeth Schumann singing Schubert's "Hirt auf dem Felsen."

JOHN ANDREW FISHER.

Laramie, Wyo.

The Friendly Store

SIR: At the risk of being obvious, may I ask you where I can find the friendly store described by Mr. George Seaman in a recent issue of RECORDINGS? Thanks in advance for your help.

J. A. LEWIS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Seaman, who operates the shop called The Record Hunter, at 1194 Lexington Avenue, New York City, doubtless refers to his own shop.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Because (RCA)	Gaitè Parisienne (C)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Sidewalks of New York (D)	Mozart Symphony No. 26 (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Merry Christmas (D)	Fauré Pavane (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Night Before Christmas (D)	Hallelujah Chorus (RCA)	Chopin Preludes (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	A Little Bird (D)	Merry Christmas (D)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Christmas Carols-Shaw (RCA)
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	A Little Bird (D)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Bach-Christmas Oratorio (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
KANSAS CITY				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	A Little Bird (D)	Auld Lang Syne (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words & Music*)	A Little Bird (D)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	A Little Bird (D)	Hits from the Hills (RCA)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NASHVILLE				
(*MU Sound System*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Vaughn Monroe (RCA)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	A Little Bird (D)	Merry Christmas (D)	Mignon-Di Stefano (RCA)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (RCA)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	A Little Bird (D)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Cuanto le Gusta (D)	Perfume Set to Music (RCA)	Bachianas (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	A Little Bird (D)	Student Prince (C)	Et incarnatus est (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	A Little Bird (D)	Words and Music (MGM)	Bachianas (C)	Bartók Concerto for Orchestra (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Järnefelt Praeludium (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	All I Want for Christmas (RCA)	Night Before Christmas (D)	Hallelujah Chorus (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Merry Christmas (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Christmas Carols-Shaw (RCA)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Hallelujah Chorus (RCA)	Midsummer Night's Dream (RCA)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	African Veldt (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)

Compiled as of January 10, 1949

Key: C—Columbia D—Decca RCA—Victor

Leaders: This month's poll reflects the records favored in last-minute Christmas buying. "Buttons and Bows" is still in the running among popular singles for the third month in a row but is equaled now by "A Little Bird Told Me." Old favorites reappear in the classical single column, Iturbi's "Clair de Lune" being the disc most in demand. The big winner of the month is Columbia's "I Can Hear It Now." Reported both as a popular and classical album, the Murrow montage totals fifteen entries.

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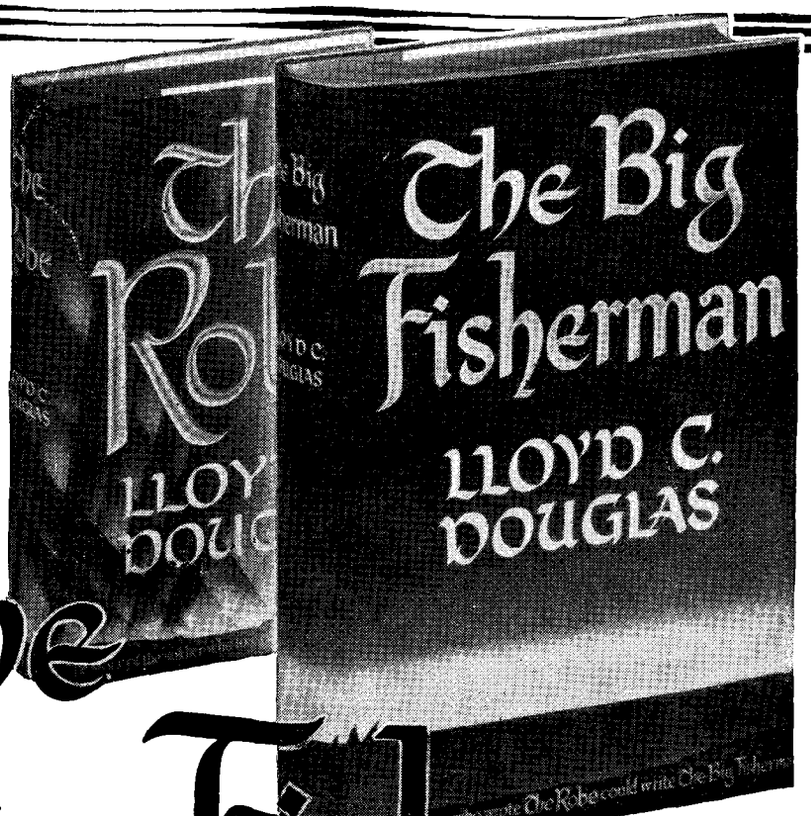

The Big Fisherman

By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Almost every reading American is familiar with THE ROBE in some degree: not because it was a movie or a syndicated serial but because it was a book with great meaning for all men.

In a time of doubt and suspense Lloyd Douglas's new novel THE BIG FISHERMAN carries in its pages a special strength—its extraordinary reception in the nation's bookstores has shown this. Its readers are finding in its story a new and exciting awareness of the unfailing purpose of humanity.

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